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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1917

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE: By William Marion Reedy	47
REFLECTIONS: Rear Admiral Dr. Grayson—The Path to Peace—Our Protest on the Way—Mr. Wright Finishes the "Britannica"—Mark Twain's Unbelief—A Novel by Mark Twain's Spook—A Propagandist Not Tolerated—Pity the Poor Duke—Drew as "Pendennis"—An Opera and a Play—Not Right in Principle—Free Bridge Open. By W. M. R.	47
A TRAVELER FROM A DISTANT LAND: By Hermann Hagedorn	50
CULTURE IN THE "ENC. BRIT." By Willard Huntington Wright	50
ROOM-KEY AND SEAT-CHECK: By Bolton Hall	51
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A POET: By Marguerite Wilkinson	52
IF A PARTY MEET A PARTY: By Jack Lait	52
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: Mississippi Prison Farm Products—The "Enc. Brit."—"Interpretations of Literature"—Land Value Tax in N. S. W.	54
HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS	57
MUSIC: By Victor Lichtenstein	57
AT THE THEATERS	58
NEW BOOKS	59
BEAUTY AND THE BOSS: By Martha Keeler	59
"CONTINUED:" By Celia Baldwin Whitehead	60
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED	61
MARTS AND MONEY	61

The League to Enforce Peace

By William Marion Reedy

THERE is one objection to the League to Enforce Peace that most publicists favoring such an institution seem to overlook. That is that such a league proposes, in effect, to establish and maintain a finality in certain national or international relationships. There is no finality in human affairs. No *status quo* can be maintained indefinitely. It is not conceivable, I should say, that any league of peace can affirm and confirm forever the present world-wide possessions of Great Britain as against all possible rivals. From what we know of human nature it is safe to assert that there can be no such thing as perpetual suppression and defeat of national aspirations that conflict with other national aspirations, whether the attempt be made by economic pressure or the force of some international league. Remember how the Congress of Vienna thought it had fixed things for a long peace in Europe, and then read that excellent book, "Europe Since 1815," by Charles Downer Hozen (Henry Holt & Co., New York), and note how the Congress of Vienna that disposed of Napoleon's power brought on the intrigues, revolutions and wars that have kept the world in turmoil ever since. The Congress of Vienna gave Metternich and Bismarck the opportunities which were improved to such an extent that this war is the perfect result, while Great Britain cared little so long as she could build up her empire over seas. A League to Enforce Peace will never be able to enforce peace on a defeated Germany. It is doubtful if peace is possible by coercion. If there is anything in the modern idea of liberty it would seem that the best way to establish and preserve peace is by abandoning coercion and pressure of all kinds and establishing freedom of trade. Great Britain is for a League to Enforce Peace after Germany has been reduced to such a condition of weakness that peace can be enforced upon her. Naturally, Germany would not favor such a league. And bad as Germany's rulers may be, aesthetically idolatrous as the German idea of the State may be, the Germans are a great people whom we cannot conceive as being crushed out of all semblance of national existence. And there is no assurance that a League to Enforce Peace would hang together in spite of the thousand and one things that would conspire to drive them apart. The League to Enforce Peace would have better prospect of accomplishing its professedly peaceful purposes if it were to set to work to tear down custom houses on national borders and abolish all tariffs and wipe out the monopolistic character of spheres of influence instead of establishing an international police force for restoring peace after it has been broken. High protectionist peace-enforcers look to me like absurdities. Advocates of trade-war who object to shot-and-shell wars are like people who think they can take prussic acid and live to tell about it. And there's something deliciously idiotic in this country's

going into a League of Peace under the aegis of the British navy, as a sort of "parasite" on Great Britain, to use a word from the *New Republic* descriptive of our neutrality up to the present time. As the proposed League to Enforce Peace appears to me now it is a league to maintain the supremacy of Great Britain as a world power. I would prefer such supremacy to the supremacy of Germany as a matter let us say of philosophic and political and cultural predilection, but why the supremacy of either? Why not work for a world with no toll-gates on the routes of trade? Then we should need no forts and warships. At least we would get rid of what all are agreed is the chief cause of war—the economic conflict that intensifies nationalism into madness. A world of free seas and free land would not give us finality either, but it would be a world in which evolution would have play through the removal of restriction and constriction upon opportunity for nations and individuals. There might be wars about other things than trade, say some people, but what might those things be? When was there ever a war that did not turn upon some attempt to monopolize trade?

Sublime in purpose, the President's address on peace, to the Senate, may be of dubious practical effect. Peace without victory in the present strife cannot seemingly be wrought into a permanent peace. An equality of nations contemplates an impossible static relation inconsistent with the kinetics of development in the leading powers. This country, once entered upon participation in European racial and political adjustments, must become involved in incalculable complications with rivalries not to be quieted save by a change in human nature. We may favor an autonomous Poland—but what does it mean? Entirely different things to Germany and Russia. And what of an autonomous Ireland? Does not the President suggest another empiric balance of power? Has not the balance of power caused this war? Have not all agreements been broken on the tyrants' plea—necessity? The President has voiced an exalted aspiration in a counsel of perfection. We may doubt the possibility of its realization, but even so, what can we do but turn our faces toward the ideal and with him follow the gleam?

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Rear Admiral Dr. Grayson

D R. CAREY TRAVERS GRAYSON is "jumped" over 117 points and made a Rear Admiral of the Navy by President Wilson. The only justification for this that I have seen is that Leonard Wood and General Pershing were similarly jumped in the army. The promotion is within the President's authority. He can do it; therefore it is all right. This kind of promotion is no more commendable than the old kind which proceeded by seniority. That meant that a man, no matter how good, could not rise unless someone above him died or retired; any man, no matter how incompetent, rose to better place as a

mere matter of routine. When seniority promotion was abolished it surely was not intended that promotion should so palpably go by favor as in the case of Dr. Grayson. The doctor is evidently a man who can make a good impression upon those with whom he is brought into intimacy, but as physician to the President, he has never displayed, so far as the country is aware, any other than what may be called social ability. There certainly has never been anything distinctively naval in the services rendered by this handsome and charming young man. No one is prepared to call him a "carpet knight" or even to insinuate that as a naval man he would be properly placed on the good ship *Pinafore*—that he would make an admirable *Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.* No one knows enough about him to venture that far. That Roosevelt, Taft, and now Woodrow Wilson, and their households have liked him is not to his discredit in the least. But Dr. Grayson as a Rear Admiral, and more especially now, when there is evidence that what the navy mostly needs is demonstrated naval ability—well, it's a little too much for a democracy to swallow. There's no law against it, of course. Secretary Daniels has declared for a democratization of the navy, too. But one is at liberty to doubt that such a performance as this "jumping" of Dr. Grayson to the post of Rear Admiral is democratic, though, of course, it will administer a terrific jolt to the naval caste. Very sincere admirers of President Wilson can very sincerely regret that he has done this thing, and they know they look silly when they try to apologize for it by pointing out similar promotions of General Wood and General Pershing in the army. It is not a good way for the Administration to signalize such an event as the death of Admiral George Dewey.



The Path to Peace

COL. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is opposed to the League to Enforce Peace. So is Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Col. Bryan is afraid it will involve us in the support of monarchical policies in Europe. Col. Roosevelt isn't afraid of anything; he just doesn't want our hands tied if a scrap comes up that we ought to be in at once with both feet. The objections have weight. The fact is that no league of nations will ever be able to enforce peace so long as all nations fight each other with tariffs and attempt to monopolize the trade of colonies or spheres of influence for themselves. I shall believe that the League to Enforce Peace really means business when it adopts as the first paragraph of its constitution a declaration against all tariffs and exclusion acts of every kind.



Our Protests on the War

SOME of our statesmen say that the United States should have entered the war in protest against Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality. But those same statesmen are not saying a word in support of the appeal of Greek merchants and citizens generally to the United States asking for the lifting of the Entente Allies' blockade of the ports of Greece. We are, that is, some of us are, protesting against the deportation of Belgians to Germany. Some others are protesting against English dealings with Ireland. There is some ground for protest against the way Greece is being dealt with, even if Greece did go back on her treaty obligation to aid Serbia. There is no telling to what side we may have to protest against coercion or even invasion of Holland, Denmark or Switzerland. Of course, we should protest against barbarity and inhumanity wherever there is occasion for protest. But we are still in some doubt as to the efficacy of our protests against the slaughter of citizens of the United States and unwarrantable interference with our commerce. Our protests might have more effect if we had a bigger navy, though, of course, if we wished to get into the fight, we could mightily help the side we favored in the matter of financial support. Still it is only the people that take a

fanatical position for one side or the other who think we should join the melee across the water. One may wish heartily enough as I do that the Teutonic idea of the State may not prevail over the English idea, but it is better that the United States should not meddle in the muddle of murdering millions, but should at some cost uphold the idea of neutrality even at great inconvenience sometimes bordering upon humiliation. This country can do more for the world by keeping its head while all the other nations are losing theirs than in any other way, and its protests should be directed against all violations of international law by which group of belligerents soever committed. It is certainly not up to the United States to determine and declare which side of the big war is the side of the angels. There is very little that is angelical on any side in war.



Mr. Wright Finishes the "Britannica"

MR. WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT'S series of articles entitled "Culture in the 'Enc. Brit.'" is brought to an end in this issue of the MIRROR. It is doubtful if there ever was such an exposure of elaborate fakery in the name of education or information as Mr. Wright has made. The encyclopedia that has been unloaded upon the American people by an unprecedented advertising campaign has been shown to be untrustworthy in its treatment of any of the aspects of culture not wholly English. Its sins of omission with regard to work other than English in the fields of painting, poetry, the drama, music and science are only more egregious than its exaltation of British mediocrities over workers in culture in France, Germany, Italy and more especially the United States. Mr. Wright's examination of the big book on these subjects makes it ridiculous in its pretensions, if not fraudulent. It is good to know that the articles contributed to the MIRROR for some two months past are to be published shortly in book form by the house of B. W. Huebsch, New York.

But what I cannot understand is that so many of the reputable newspapers and periodicals of this country—members, too, of associations for the upholding of honesty in advertising—should continue to print the advertising of the encyclopedia, the deficiencies and velleities of which Mr. Wright has so thoroughly revealed. They must know the book for what he has shown it to be. Not only that, but they must know, too, the story of the whole "Britannica" enterprise as it is outlined rather freely in a communication printed in this week's MIRROR under the heading of "Letters from the People." The "Britannica" is simply a gigantic job in book-agenting. The announcement that the encyclopedia has been extended and revised in such manner as to bring its information down to date on American subjects is an amusing overstatement concerning some very slight padding. As the writer of the letter in this paper says, the "Britannica" as it is now being foisted upon this country is not the good old honest English publication that was once a standard work of reference, even if rather provincially British. Originally the encyclopedia did not pretend to be other than British. Its name was evidence of that. But it came into the hands of some smart Yankees and they used it in their operations, capitalizing its olden good reputation. The newspapers and periodicals knew the details the MIRROR's correspondent gives in his letter. They knew of the smear in its association with a notorious get-rich-quick scheme. They must have known that it was not the old "Britannica" and that the Cambridge press connection with the publication is purely nominal. Those newspapers and periodicals knew that the sale of the book was first pushed by representation that its price was to be raised after a certain date. They knew that after that date the price was not raised, but a cheaper and more condensed but equally good edition was put upon the

market. The people who bought the earlier edition upon the representation that the price was to be increased were "done" out of the difference between the price they paid and the price at which the later, cheaper edition has been and is now being sold.

An untrustworthy encyclopaedia that is to a certain extent a false pretense even in its name, that may be technically but is not as a matter of fact published by the concern whose good reputation is used to lend character to the undertaking in book-agenting, is dumped upon the American people solely because our most reputable newspapers and periodicals are willing to take large gobs of money for acting as "ropers" and "runners in." Good encyclopaedias published by American houses have been subtly discredited by the screaming advertisements that proclaim the "Britannica" to be the greatest and most accurate encyclopedia of all. It is represented as American when it is not. That there was a taint upon the whole enterprise was made plain when the Yankee book agents accomplished their coup of linking it up with the London *Times* and working that paper as a selling agency. Competent authorities in Great Britain condemned that trick. They intimated very strongly that the encyclopedia was the "Britannica" only in name. That made no difference to the American publishers tempted by the "Britannica's" advertising. They took the money and published the broadsides which by implication discredited half a dozen American encyclopaedias and general reference books, all of which, to the extent of their representations, are better than the misrepresented "Britannica."

Mr. Wright's series of articles constitute a valuable service to honest publishing in this country. He has unmasked a big fake with money enough to command silence or active collusion in a slick business trick upon the part of the men who control the best—so-called by themselves—newspapers and magazines of this country. The task of examining the encyclopedia as Mr. Wright had to do it in order to write his articles was no slight one. Nothing but the worthiness of its purpose could sustain a man in doing the "grubbing" that Mr. Wright had to do. The work is the more worthy when we consider that the man who did it is not only a distinguished novelist and critic, but one of the foremost authorities on modern painting and perhaps the leading American aesthete not wholly idolatrous of tradition. The MIRROR is proud to have been the medium through which Mr. Wright has demolished the gigantic book-agenting sham. His articles have saved many a man and woman from falling victim to the lure of the "Britannica's" advertising. They have been the means of turning the interest of many men and women to honest and indisputably American compilations of general information.



Mark Twain's Unbelief

A GREAT many good people are shocked at the bald and cold unbelief of Mark Twain as revealed in his recently published book, "The Mysterious Stranger." Which goes to show how superficially people have been reading Mark Twain for fifty years. They have missed his irony all along. They have failed to grasp this element in all his humor. Mark Twain believed that man is a machine, and that the immortality of the soul is a dream. That is as implicit in "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" as in this last book from his pen. It was quite elaborately and definitely set forth in another book privately published, a comment upon which was published by Dr. Paul Carus of *The Open Court*. He was as nearly an atheist as any man who was ever content to call himself an agnostic. The nearest he ever came to faith in anything from beyond the world was in his book on Joan of Arc. Mark Twain hardly believed in man, but he never fell into contempt of man. He loved human beings while pitifully laughing at them. Like all great humorists,

Mark Twain was sad at heart. Those who really knew their Mark Twain have long known his lack of faith and almost of hope, even as they know the risque Twain of the famous "Fireside Conversation." Twain, like Eugene Field, had a decidedly salacious, even an obscene side to him, though genuine humor somehow saved from utter contempt the work of both in that line. Field's optimism was genuine. Twain's optimism is a sorry sham always. He is an incorrigible pessimist. The thing that saved him was his loving much. It was his love for his wife that caused him to suppress for many years the writings that express his mechanistic view of life and all who it inherit.

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A Novel by Mark Twain's Spook

BUT there are people hereabouts who will say that "Mark Twain knows better now," for those people have been in communication with him or with his discarnate entity over the ouija board since shortly after his death. There are in existence two short novels and several short stories mysteriously transmitted to or through Mrs. C. Edwin Hutchings and Mrs. Lola V. Hayes. In addition, many long conversations with him through the ouija board medium have been transcribed by the recipients, and those conversations read somewhat like Mark Twain's talk sounded when he was here in the flesh. One of the novels and one of the short stories I have read. I do not care much for the short story, but the novel entitled "Jap Herron" I have read in manuscript and it is a piece of good work. It is a strikingly vivid picture of journalistic and political life in Missouri. The characters are clearly depicted. There is an abundance of Twainian humor and the development of the boy hero is worthy of the man who created *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*. There is a power of pathos in the story, too, near the end. The mind that conceived the tale surely knew all about life in a small Missouri town and especially the life in a country newspaper-office. There are chapters about a country election that are intensely realistic. Rural meanness and rural goodness are displayed with equal fidelity. I should say that the story, "Jap Herron," is in literary value equal, if not superior, to the novels of Gene Stratton Porter, and surpassing the widely disseminated masterpieces of Harold Bell Wright. By this I mean that "Jap Herron" contains more particularly the elements that seem to make for popularity. I have seen and heard chapters of this story communicated to Mesdames Hutchings and Hayes. A part of one chapter came over the board under my own hand as I sat with Mrs. Hayes, while Mrs. Hutchings transcribed the words as they were spelled out by the pointer. The quality of the matter is only less remarkable than the now famous works communicated by "Patience Worth" to Mrs. John H. Curran, of this city. It is fully as wonderful as the "Letters from a Dead Man" and certain poems written under spirit influence by Elsa Barker, and it is much better than some spirit-communicated poems of Adah Isaacs Mencken. As to communications between the dead and the living, I am more than skeptical; I am a disbeliever. But here are writings or, let us say, dictations that seem as if they have some of the quality of Mark Twain who believed neither in God nor in the immortality of the soul. Here he is believed by certain very honest people to make his own appearance as "The Mysterious Stranger," but to have changed his tune and to have announced definitely that he lives and retains his familiar characteristics after what we call death. That Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hayes, the media in this case, are both practiced writers for the press seems of little importance, considering the nature of this "spook" writing; nor does it matter, apparently, that Mrs. Hayes is the daughter of a once well-known rural editor in Missouri who worked in her father's office. The writing of the spook that says it is Mark Twain is not at all like the writings of Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hayes, and but for its sentimentalism it may be said to be like

the authenticated writings of the famous humorist and philosopher to whom it is ascribed. But there is no reconciliation possible between the temper and the purpose of "The Mysterious Stranger" and "Jap Herron." When "Jap Herron" shall have been published, the literary experts will have need of all their knowledge and ability to determine whether the "spook" ascription of the production to Mark Twain is supported by evidence superficial and internal. Here is a case, if the ouija-board workers are right, of an after-death-bed conversion of one of the most effective of the world's scoffers at religious faith.

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ONE reason of the reluctance of the Kaiser to seeing Germany licked is that afterward he will have to settle the case with God. There is an impression that it was the Kaiser who persuaded God to go into this war with him.

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The Propagandist Not Tolerated

MAX EASTMAN, the editor of the *Masse's*, has been stigmatized as a propagandist and barred from a hearing by the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. Eastman was billed to speak at the university on the "Hope of Democracy," he having been induced to come there on the solicitation of a student body known as the Forum, one of whose purposes is to bring to the university, speakers on topics pertaining to art, literature, music, the drama, sociology, etc. On the day before Eastman was due to speak, President Charles R. Van Hise refused to the student body the use of one of the university buildings, on the ground that Eastman is a propagandist.

It is to the credit of the student body that there was instant rebellion. A hall outside was hired and was filled to its capacity to hear the lecturer. The event achieved wide advertisement, owing to the importance attached to it by the newspapers of the state, some of which are strong in their condemnation of the course of the faculty. The students point with indignation to some thirty former instances of addresses delivered in the university that could each be termed propaganda. The *State Journal* contains a strong editorial on the incident, in which it declares that the university has reacted from the day in 1894 when the Board of Regents declared that "Whatever be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere, we believe that the great University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found." The class of 1910 subsequently attempted to place upon the walls of the college a bronze tablet bearing this declaration. This was not accomplished without a heated campaign, as the administration had then already reacted, and did not believe as did its predecessor that it was desirable to seek the truth by winnowing and sifting. This denial of free speech in the case of Eastman, with the publicity that has sprung therefrom, will do much to lessen the prestige of the university. Knowledge, above all other things, demands freedom. In the search for the truth, the human intelligence is hampered if forced to drag the clogs of prejudice. In every age men have erected guideposts and have written thereon what they thought was the eternal truth and have sought to bind humanity thereto. The effort has never succeeded, for it is the law of life that the search for truth must be unceasing. Education is nothing more than a search for the truth. The seeker for knowledge should investigate all serious subjects. What is plainly error will be rejected in time and its rejection will be the sooner if no attempt is made to force rejection. Hundreds of colleges have been established with the object of teaching some preconception, theory, doctrine or dogma, and none has ever achieved a very high place as a seat of learning. The reason is that the search for knowledge cannot be forced to follow set grooves. If it is to

maintain its prestige as a seat of learning, the University of Wisconsin should free itself of the restrictions that now appear to bind it. It will have to adopt the policy of letting everybody talk who can find a hearer, to the end that the wheat of truth may be winnowed from the chaff of error.

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Pity the Poor Duke

IT is with "bitter regret," as stated in the dispatches, that England's biggest land owner, the Duke of Sutherland, is compelled to sell his Shropshire estate, totalling some seven thousand five hundred acres. The bitterness of the gentleman must be to some small extent assuaged by the fact that he has nearly a million and a quarter of valuable acres still remaining in his possession. Most of these acres lie in Scotland, although some are in Canada. He has five palatial country seats, and can travel fifty miles in a straight line on his Scotland holdings without leaving his own estates. He says that the death and other taxes incidental to the war have forced him, in bitterness of spirit, to sell a few thousand of his precious acres. The Duke has our sympathy, but not as much of it as goes out to the million human beings, who, in order that deer and pheasants may have plenty of land for use, are jammed into the slums of East London and who are always on the verge of starvation. The condition of that many more London people in peace times, is only a few degrees better.

Out of evil some good may come. War taxes are levied largely to inflict waste, no odds what saving benefit may be sought as the end of this waste. The evil of war taxes is likely to have an effect in breaking up some of the big landed estates of Great Britain, which is one thing of which the United Kingdom stands in greatest need. Under the medieval system of land tenure a large percentage of the land is in parks and game preserves, which ought to be placed in cultivation for the benefit of the people. Under this ancient tenure, many large estates still exist, presided over by the great landlords and cultivated by small tenants. If England is ever to hold its position as a great empire, these estates will have to be broken up, for the monopoly in land is the origin of nearly all economic weakness. The arbitrary war taxes are having an effect in that direction, but a real remedy will not be achieved until land monopoly is recognized as the primary economic error and the proper taxation of this social value destroys the monopoly.

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Drew as "Pendennis"

WORTHY of commendation as a serious effort to reinvigorate the drooping drama and restore to the stage some of the merit that is departing, is "Major Pendennis," being presented this week at the Jefferson by Mr. John Drew and a competent company. The role of *Major Pendennis* is a rather difficult one because of its lack of what may be termed high lights and deep shadows. It is peculiarly English, which is to say it is polite and unemotional. One cannot tell how much the weight of tradition has to do with the success of this presentation. Thackeray has received the stamp of time's approval, and is therefore accepted by the present generation, generally without taking the trouble to read him. John Drew is recognized as perhaps the most authoritative exponent we have of the "polite" drama—and it may be said that the drama of the present has but small respect for what is polite or polished. Mr. Drew is one who still insists that the manners and amenities of life are worthy of stage presentation. The picture he gives us of *Major Pendennis*, the retired army officer, in his attempts to act as matchmaker for his nephew, is delightful in the finer shades of artistic acting it presents. It is plain enough that Mr. Drew has thoroughly studied his role—so effectively that it does not appear to have been studied at all. *Major Pendennis*, as Drew

makes us see him, is the true type of the Englishman of the aristocratic class—suave, polite, repressing his emotions, and striving to avoid the sensational and the melodramatic. Except in one or two instances, everything in that respect is avoided in the presentation of the play. The company is good and lends adequate support, but the star is, of course, the greatest and most satisfying attraction. Langdon Mitchell, in dramatizing "Major Pendennis," has retained the Thackerian spirit. The charm of the novelist's wit and philosophy is there. The fashionable audience which greeted the play Monday night filled all the seats on the first floor except about five rows at the back. This meant that the auditors in the next five rows could hear about half of what was said, owing to the unfortunate acoustics of the Jefferson.



An Opera and a Play

A THING of significance is the coming presentation here of an opera and a play by St. Louisans. One is Homer Moore's "Louis XIV.," at the Odeon, February 12, 14, 16, 18, and the other Lewis B. Ely's "A Dry Town," at the Players Theater, the week beginning February 4. "Louis XIV." is an ambitious undertaking and deserves the serious attention of all St. Louisans disposed to encourage musical culture. Mr. Moore, in this instance fully presents himself, for he wrote the music as well as the libretto and is his own producer. As indicating the class of the opera, it is announced that Florencio Constantino will sing the leading role. Henri Scott, Carl Cochems and Evelina Parnell are other names appearing in the cast. Mr. Homer Moore, at present the musical critic of the *Republic*, has for a number of years been doing excellent work as a writer on musical topics, and is one of the city's highest authorities on all things pertaining to music. The present opera is his most ambitious undertaking. Lewis B. Ely, the author of the play, "A Dry Town," is likewise a newspaper writer, having been employed on the *Republic* and the *Post-Dispatch*. He is a dilettante and a writer of pungency. The production of this opera and play should do something in the direction of increasing the size of the type in the words "St. Louis" on the artistic map. Heretofore the name has been hidden in the mass of other whistling stations.



Not Right in Principle

THE difficulty that confronts Gov. Gardner in his attempt to patch the holes in the Missouri system of taxation is that the system itself is wrong in principle. Although this is true, and is a powerful argument in proof that the system is wrong, the farmers of Missouri grow hysterical whenever the single tax is mentioned, and their lack of intelligence at this point shows how far we are from a system that may include right principles. But the only thing Gardner can do is to patch up the old, leaky system. To that purpose he was in St. Louis last week conferring with Mr. Judson and other tax experts. The necessity of raising money to run the state is really imperative. The State University long ago began borrowing money. The penitentiary has been doing the same thing—getting the money at high rates from banks controlled by Democratic politicians. The taxing system has broken down. It is doubtful whether such an inadequate and inequitable method could have been made to work in the hands of competent men, but when such incompetents as the men who constituted the Major administration attempted to make it go, it was much worse.



Free Bridge Open

LIKE a couple of potentates of bordering countries, Mayors Kiel of St. Louis and Mollman of East St. Louis met on the nearly completed municipal bridge, dropped the chain across the right-of-way and said,

"Let 'er go!" The going was good for that day at least, for the people of St. Louis are strong for anything that is free, and the opening formalities were of that nature. But there is no evidence just now that the bridge will be overwhelmed with traffic for some time to come. The railway deck is still uncompleted and there is nothing as yet to show that much tonnage will cross that way when it is finished. There is no street railway line on the upper deck and none in immediate prospect. It is presumed that a large number of vehicles will use the bridge, but further than that the structure is still in the developmental stage. At any rate, if the bridge does finally realize a part of the expectations of its more enthusiastic supporters, it should act as a counter-check on the slow decay that has been creeping northward for years from the point where the bridge is located. It should help a part of the city between Market and the bridge that has been dead in recent years. Although the structure has gone through many vicissitudes, and has been most slowly and expensively constructed, I suppose we should all rejoice, even though it be only for the removal of the reproach of having a bridge standing out in the middle of the river which could be reached only by boat.



A Traveler from a Distant Land

By Hermann Hagedorn

IT'S a long journey through the stellar spaces,
And, boy, we're glad it's over and you're here;
No more alone on that ethereal mere,
But safe abed and watched by friendly faces.
We hope you'll like us and our earthly places.
You'll find us kindly on the whole, though queer;
Not ever quite so bad as we appear,
And at our maddest not without our graces.

And here you are to live and help us live.
Bend close and listen, bird with folded wings.
Here is life's secret: Keep the upward glance!
Remember Aries is your relative,
The Moon's your uncle, and those Twinkling
Things
Your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

From *The Outlook*.



Culture in the "Enc. Brit."

IX. SCIENCE

By Willard Huntington Wright

IN the field of medicine and biology the "Encyclopædia Britannica" reveals so narrow and obvious a partisanship that there has already been no little resentment on the part of American scientists. This country leads the world to-day in biological chemistry; and our fame in surgery and medical experimentation is world-wide. Among the ranks of our scientists stand men of such great importance and high achievement that no adequate history of biology or medicine could be written without giving vital consideration to them. Yet the "Britannica" fails almost completely in revealing their significance. Many of our great experimentors—men who have made important original contributions to science and who have pushed forward the boundaries of human knowledge—receive no mention whatever; and many of our surgeons and physicians whose researches have marked epochs in the history of medicine meet with a similar fate. On the other hand, you will find scores of biographies of comparatively little known and unimportant English scientists, some of whom have contributed nothing to medical and biological advancement.

It is not my intention to go into any great detail in this matter. I shall not attempt to make a com-

plete list of the glaring omissions of our scientists or to set down anywhere near all of the lesser British scientists who are discussed liberally and *con amore* in the "Britannica." Such a record were unnecessary. But I shall indicate a sufficient number of discrepancies between the treatment of American scientists and the treatment of English scientists, to reveal the utter inadequacy of the "Britannica" as a guide to the history and development of this country's science. If America did not stand so high in this field, the "Encyclopædia's" editors would have some basis on which to explain away their wanton discrimination against our scientific activities. But when, as I say, America stands foremost among the nations of the world in biological chemistry and also holds high rank in surgery and medicine, there can be no excuse for such willful neglect, especially as minor British scientists are accorded liberal space and generous consideration.

First we shall set down those three earlier pathfinders in American medicine whose names do not so much as appear in the "Britannica's" index: John Morgan, who in 1765, published his "Discourse Upon the Institution of Medical Schools in America," thus becoming the father of medical education in the United States; William Shippen, Jr., who aided John Morgan in founding our first medical school, the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and gave the first public lectures in obstetrics in this country, and who may be regarded as the father of American obstetrics; and Thomas Cadwalader, the first Philadelphian (at this time Philadelphia was the medical center of America) to teach anatomy by dissections, and the author of one of the best pamphlets on lead poisoning.

Among the somewhat later important American medical scientists who are denied any mention in the "Britannica" are: John Conrad Otto, the first who described hemophilia (an abnormal tendency to bleeding); James Jackson, author of one of the first accounts of alcoholic neuritis; James Jackson, Jr., who left his mark in physical diagnosis; Elisha North, who as early as 1811 advocated the use of the clinical thermometer in his original description of cerebro-spinal meningitis (the first book on the subject); John Ware, who wrote one of the chief accounts of delirium tremens; Jacob Bigelow, one of the very great names in American medicine, whose essay, "On Self-Limited Diseases," according to Holmes, "did more than any other work or essay in our language to rescue the practice of medicine from the slavery to the drugging system which was a part of the inheritance of the profession;" W. W. Gerhard, who distinguished between typhoid and typhus; Daniel Drake, known as the greatest physician of the West, who as the result of thirty years of labor wrote the masterpiece, "Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America;" Casper Wistar, who wrote the first American treatise on anatomy; and William Edmonds Horner, who discovered the tensor tarsi muscle, known as Horner's muscle. . . . Not only are these men not accorded biographies in the "universal" and "complete" "Encyclopædia Britannica," but their names do not appear!

The father of American surgery was Philip Syng Physick, who invented the tonsillotomy and introduced various surgical operations; but you must look elsewhere than in the "Britannica" for so much as a mention of him. And although the history of American surgery is especially glorious and includes such great names as the Warrens; Wright Post; J. C. Nott, who excised the coccyx and was the first who suggested the mosquito theory of yellow fever; Henry J. Bigelow, the first to describe the Y-ligament; Samuel David Gross, one of the chief surgeons of the nineteenth century; Nicholas Senn, one of the masters of modern surgery; Harvey Cushing, perhaps the greatest brain surgeon in the world to-day; George Crile, whose revolutionary work on surgical shock was made long before the

"Britannica" went to press; and William S. Halsted, among the greatest surgeons of the world—as I have said, although America has produced these important men, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" ignores the fact entirely, and does not so much as record one of their names!

Were all the rest of American medical scientists given liberal consideration in the "Britannica," it would not compensate for the above omissions. But these omissions are by no means all. They are merely the beginning. The chief names in modern operative gynecology are American. But of the nine men who are the leaders in this field, only one (Emmet) has a biography, and only one (McDowell) receives casual mention. Marion Sims, who invented his speculum and introduced the operation for vesicovaginal fistula, Nathan Bozeman, J. C. Nott (previously mentioned), Theodore Gaillard Thomas, Robert Battey, E. C. Dudley, and Howard A. Kelly do not exist for the "Britannica's" editors. Furthermore, of the four chief pioneers in anaesthesia—the practical discovery and use of which was an American achievement—only two are mentioned. The other two—C. W. Long, of Georgia, and the chemist, Charles T. Jackson—are apparently unknown to the "Britannica." And although in the history of pediatrics there is no more memorable name than that of Joseph O'Dwyer of Ohio, whose work in intubation has saved countless numbers of infants, you will fail to find any reference to him in this "unbiased" English reference work.

One must not imagine that even here ends the "Britannica's" almost unbelievable injustice to American science. John J. Abel is not mentioned either, yet Professor Abel is among the greatest pharmacologists of the world. His researches in animal tissues and fluids have definitely set forward the science of medicine; and it was Abel who, besides his great work with the artificial kidney, first discovered the uses of adrenalin. R. G. Harrison, one of the greatest biologists of history, whose researches in the growth of tissue were epoch-making, and on whose investigations other scientists also have made international reputations, is omitted entirely from the "Britannica." S. J. Meltzer, the physiologist, who has been the head of the department of physiology and pharmacology at Rockefeller Institute since 1906, is not in the "Britannica." T. H. Morgan, the zoologist, whose many books on the subject have long been standard works, is not recorded. And E. B. Wilson, one of the great pathfinders in zoology and a man who stands in the front rank of that science, is also without mention!

The list of wanton omissions is not yet complete. C. S. Minot, the great American anatomist, is ignored by the "Britannica." Theobald Smith, the pathologist, is also thought unworthy of note. And among those renowned American scientists who, though mentioned, failed to impress the "Encyclopædia's" English editor sufficiently to be given biographies are: John Kerasley Mitchell, who was the first to describe certain neurological conditions, and was one of the advocates of the germ theory of disease before bacteriology; William Beaumont, the first to study digestion *in situ*; Jacques Loeb, whose works on heliotropism, morphology, psychology, etc., have placed him among the world's foremost imaginative researchers; H. S. Jennings, another great American biologist; W. H. Welch, one of the greatest of modern pathologists and bacteriologists; Simon Flexner, whose work is too well known to need any description here; and Abraham Jacobi, who is the father of pediatrics in America and is regarded as highly in Germany and Vienna as here. These men unquestionably deserve biographies in any encyclopædia which makes even a slight pretense of completeness, and to have omitted them from the "Britannica" was an indefensible oversight—or worse.

The editors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" cannot explain away these amazing omissions on the ground that the men mentioned are not of sufficient importance to have come within the range of their

consideration; for, when we look down the list of *British* medical scientists who are given biographies, we can find at least a score of far less important ones. For instance, Eliza G. Anderson, whose claim to glory lies in her advocacy of admitting women into the medical profession, is given considerably over half a column. Gilbert Blane, the introducer of lime-juice into the English navy, also has a biography. So has Richard Brocklesby, an eighteenth century army physician; and Andrew Clark, a fashionable London practitioner; and T. B. Curling; and John Eliotson, the English mesmerist; and Joseph Fayrer, known chiefly for his studies of the poisonous snakes of India; and J. C. Forster; and James Clark, an army surgeon and physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria; and P. G. Hewett, another surgeon to Queen Victoria; and many others of no more prominence or importance.

In order to realize the astounding lengths of injustice to which the "Britannica" has gone in its petty neglect of America, compare these English names which are given detailed biographical consideration, with the American names which are left out. The editors of this encyclopædia must either plead guilty to the most flagrant kind of prejudicial discrimination against this country, or else confess to an abysmal ignorance of the history and achievements of modern science.

It might be well to note here that Luther Burbank's name is mentioned only once in the "Britannica," under *Santa Rosa*, the comment being that Santa Rosa is his home. Not to have given Burbank a biography containing an account of his important work is nothing short of preposterous. Is it possible that Americans are not supposed to be interested in this great scientist? And are we to assume that Marianne North, the English naturalist and flower painter—who is given a detailed biography—is of more importance than Burbank? The list of *English* naturalists and botanists who receive biographies in the "Britannica" includes such names as William Aiton, Charles Alston, James Anderson, W. T. Broderip, and Robert Fortune; and yet there is no biography or even discussion of Luther Burbank, the American!

Thus far in this chapter I have called attention only to the neglect of American scientists. It must not be implied, however, that America alone suffers from the "Britannica's" insular prejudice. No nation, save England, is treated with that justice and comprehensiveness upon which the encyclopædia's advertising has so constantly insisted. For instance, although Jonathan Hutchinson, the English authority on syphilis, receives (and rightly so) nearly half a column biography, Ehrlich, the world's truly great figure in that field, is not considered of sufficient importance to be given biographical mention. It is true that Ehrlich's *salvarsan* did not become known until 1910, but he had done much immortal work before then. Even Metchnikoff, surely one of the world's greatest modern scientists, has no biography! And although British biologists of even minor importance receive biographical consideration, Lyonet, the Hollander, who did the first structural work after Swammerdam, is without a biography.

Nor are there biographies of Franz Leydig, through whose extensive investigations all structural studies upon insects assumed a new aspect; Rudolph Leuckart, another conspicuous figure in zoological progress; Meckel, who stands at the beginning of the school of comparative anatomy in Germany; Rathke, who made a significant advance in the science of comparative anatomy; Koelliker, the embryologist and histologist; Cajal, whose histological research is of world-wide renown; Kowalevsky, whose work in embryology had enormous influence on all subsequent investigations; Wilhelm His, whose embryological investigations, especially in the development of the nervous system and the origin of nerve fibers, are of very marked importance; Dujardin, the discoverer of *sarcode*; Nägeli, whose name is connected with many fundamental ideas in biology; and

Pouchet, who created a sensation with his experiments in spontaneous generation.

Even suppose the "Britannica's" editor should argue that the foregoing biologists are not of the very highest significance and therefore are not deserving of separate biographies, how can he explain the fact that such *British* biologists as Alfred Newton, William Yarrall, John G. Wood, G. J. Allman, F. T. Buckland, and T. S. Cobbold, are given individual biographies with a detailed discussion of their work? What becomes of that universality of outlook on which he so prides himself? Or does he consider Great Britain as the universe?

As I have said, the foregoing notes do not aim at being exhaustive. To set down, even from an American point of view, a complete record of the inadequacies which are to be found in the "Britannica's" record of modern science would require much more space than I can devote to it here. I have tried merely to indicate, by a few names and a few comparisons, the insular nature of this encyclopædia's expositions, and thereby to call attention to the very obvious fact that the "Britannica" is *not* "an international dictionary of biography," but a prejudiced work in which English endeavor, through undue emphasis and exaggeration, is given the first consideration. Should this encyclopædia be depended upon for information, one would get but the meagerest idea of the splendid advances which America has made in modern science. And, although I have here touched only on medicine and biology, the same narrow and provincial British viewpoint can be found in the "Britannica's" record of the other sciences as well.

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Room-Key and Seat-Check

By Bolton Hall

IN every great city there are two large sections which are run, and have always been run, under the sanction of law, on the principle that is called in England "the assessment of ground rent," and so successfully are they run that those who are working under that plan will laugh at you if you talk of changing it. Those two sections are the theaters and the hotels.

If a man goes to the theater and asks for the best seat, you know that he will pay perhaps a dollar and he will get a place in the front row—what they call the bald-headed row. He may go there, and laugh, and roar, and enjoy the play so that it is as much fun to see him as to see the performance; but the price is only a dollar. Or, he may go there, and go to sleep, and even snore; and the price is still a dollar. Or, he may stay away entirely; the price is still a dollar.

Now, for that seat the theater-manager charges the full value. What does he do with the proceeds? He provides free light, free heat, free water, free police protection, free fire protection, and all those things that a theater-goer needs. It isn't according to one's ability to pay that one pays for the support of the theater; it is what the seat one occupies is worth.

You may go to a hotel and ask for the cheapest room; and you will get a small one in the rear, at the top of the house, say, for fifty cents a day. You go up and look at it and take the key and go away. The price is still fifty cents a day. Or, you may open an office there, and make ten thousand dollars a year in that office; still, it is only fifty cents a day. You may put in magnificent furniture, and go there dressed in silk and diamonds; still, it is only fifty cents a day.

What does the hotel proprietor do with the money he gets for that situation? He provides free light, free heat, free water, free police protection, free protection from fire, and all things that as a hotel occupant you need.

"Seat," "situation" and "site" are the same things. A high price for the best site, a low price for the

poor site, and no price for the poorest site, because there is no competition for it. Good use or poor use, full use or no use, year after year the theater-manager and the hotel man each charge the full value of the mere bare situation.

That is the plan of the taxation of land-values; to tax every land-user what his situation is worth.

What has been the effect of that plan upon the theater-seat business? Why, you know there are some speculators in the theater seats, but you never heard of anyone's buying up theater seats to keep them *unused*; one buys them to have them used, and to make a profit out of their being used. You know that, with the growth of the city of New York, within ten years the rents of the hotel rooms in town will probably be double what they are to-day; but nobody but a lunatic would rent a hotel room for the purpose of keeping it vacant, because the hotel man insists on charging day by day, or month by month, the full value of the place, and so makes it impossible, because unprofitable, to speculate in hotel rooms. Henry George would do the same with land. He proposed to make it unprofitable, and therefore impossible, to hold land vacant for speculation, because the community would charge as a tax each year the entire rental value of the mere bare land.

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What it Means to Be a Poet

By Marguerite Wilkinson

"WHAT does it mean to be a poet?" said the Poet's friend. "I suppose it must be like floating in a fairy canoe down a river of joy to a sea of glory!"

The Poet's imagination played with the pretty idea for a moment and then he shook his head wistfully. "It is not often like that," he said. "More often it is like trying to pole up the river of life against a lashing current of practical ideas; and sometimes it is like trying to cling to a stout branch on the banks while the swirling rapids of human passions and sorrows tug at your boat, threatening to tear you loose from your salvation and drown you in the deep eddies of other people's beliefs and other people's vital activities. Often a poet must work his way upstream hungry, thirsty and threadbare, away from bread and wine and friends, knowing that if he lets himself drift he will be broken on the rough shingle of the world's needs, strangled in the flood of the world's desires."

"If that be true," said the friend, "if the poet must pole upstream while the practical man drifts down with the current, how is it that the poet, after all, is the spokesman of the practical man, the real voice of the race? How can he sing the songs of those who are paddling down the stream?"

"While he works his way up the stream he is looking into the faces of those who come down. He sees more of them than they see of each other. He knows that all practical men have been poets once, that they have all longed to go upstream, too. He knows that the living waters sing their quick song to the heart of all youth. Moreover, the poet would like to journey down stream. Bread, wine, friends and the deeds that achieve them, these have an appeal for the poet. The poet and the practical man are of one flesh and one heart. But the genius of the practical man calls him to be a part of the current and the tide. The genius of the poet calls him up that he may behold the whole river of life in its winding course and the souls floating upon its bosom. He must seek the high, far sources that he may see the glorious panorama from the hills of vision."

The Poet mused a moment, then continued:

"There may come a time when all men make free of the river of life from the head waters to the pouring out of it. In that day every child will be a doer of deeds, every child will be a singer of songs. But in our time it is not so. According to the

strongest power in us we must choose. We may go out and adapt ourselves to circumstances and perform the tasks that life demands. Or we may push upward against turbulent issues, seeking unexplored sources, learning the cool rhythms of life."

"The man who would pole upstream must be strong," said the Poet's friend. "How shall he discipline himself for his journey?"

"Indeed, the discipline is long and stern," said the Poet. "It is a discipline of grave sincerity. He must first train every sense to know the truth, not only the truth of a minute and beautiful detail but the truth of a gross and monstrous whole. The pebble that is mottled with red and blue must be for him a marvelous pebble, mottled with red and blue. The wild onion must be rank to his nostrils, and the sour smell of the marsh he must not deny. His feet must be keenly sensitive to the rough spines of thistles in the path or to the fine, warm dust of noon that is like a caress to the soles of them. He will be deeply shaken by the clamor of storms. He will find a perilous pleasure in the languor of a summer day. The soul of him will greatly desire hard and terrible beauties and the body of him will greatly suffer privations and austerities. He will find more joy in a cobweb than most of his brothers could find in a kingdom. He will find more sorrow in the death of a squirrel than most of his brothers will feel in the slaughter of war. His heart will seem fluid at times, as the wavering waters of the river. At times he shall know anger hard as boulders. The sincerity that looks unflinchingly at all things, that only can save him, for he would report the truth of all things. By this sincerity he will learn the beauty of the soul that reigns and of the body that serves."

"But that is only a part of the discipline," the Poet continued. "As he moves on slowly up the river he must name what he sees and tastes and touches and smells and hears and feels, whatever he enjoys or suffers. He must make the most truthful and beautiful names. And he must weave these names together into stories and pictures as truthful and beautiful as any single name. He must create a memorial for his journey. He must take more thought for the rhyming of moods and thoughts and emotions than for the rhyming of words. Else he may betray mankind into believing that the willows along the shores were pines, that the pines on the hills were willows, that the water of the marsh is of one color with the water of the trout brook, that the jay sings while the bluebird shrieks."

"This is indeed a stern discipline," said the friend, "and why is it that few of us understand? Why is it that many people suppose that the travail of the practical man is greater than the travail of the poets?"

"Too many are called poets," said the poet, "who are not poets at all. Young lads and lassies floating idly down stream lean over the edges of cushioned boats and weave their pleasant romances into words. But they drop into the river of life and are washed away because they are not poems. Mighty scholars sitting alone in dark cabins do intellectual gymnastics and call the result poetry. And because they are mighty scholars, members of learned societies, men of great reputation, these creations of their minds are taken upon deck and given to men. But the creations show withered and seamy in the sunlight and men find them dull even when they politely applaud. Finally they throw these words overboard into the river of life. Then there are makers of verses who face no travail at all. They wear silk and tinsel and long to be pretty, very, very pretty. They launch frail canoes gallantly early in the morning but when the sun blisters them at noon and when the white rapids are seen at the first bend curling in a froth of white scorn, they grow weary and push the gaudy little canoes into quiet coves. But they are ashamed to turn and go down the river quietly with mankind in the current. And they are afraid to go on. Therefore, they rest in

sheltered inlets of stagnant water. And when mankind passes by they make a great splashing and scatter pebbles and frighten minnows and amaze birds in the thicket so that they may appear to be going upstream. But when there is no one to watch they remain silent where they were for all their effort was foam and sputter. Such souls could never be poets for they could never be virile. They seek only the appearance of being poets. They never taste the nearest of the sweet springs of life nor hear the first ripples chiming against the upland rocks."

"Sometimes false poets gather together that their voices may be heard above the song of the river of life, for none can sing loud enough alone. And when they have cackled like geese they suppose that they have sung like thrushes, and when they have thrown pebbles at pollywogs they say that they have overturned tradition, and when they have described a puddle they believe that they have revealed a rainbow. But the rhythm of the river they have not even heard."

"How, then, shall we know the master?" asked the Poet's friend.

"We shall know the master because he will be brave before the torrent and calm before thunder, wild with the wind and rapt in the music of them all. He will be the most solitary of all loving beings. He will sing out of himself alone and for himself alone in the presence of thousands and yet he will be their silence and their song. He is heedless when you watch him, for he regards only the river on which he must travel. He may not be always pliant and graceful, for he may never pose before us. In such measure as he is great he is simple and guileless. Therefore we do not understand him. And because he is the most constant of all friends he must always seem to be a stranger. He lingers in no shelter and awaits no companion. He pushes upstream forever, to the sources of life."

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If a Party Meet a Party

By Jack Lait

IT seems to be written in the book that when a man does an act of gallantry toward a female in distress he must and shall fall in love with her. Any man brave enough to be brave deserves to fare well with the fair, and it is up to him to wrap his strong arms about her there and then or as soon thereafter as circumstances allow. As to the lady, of course she falls in love on the spot. Let's see.

Ed Rourke, patrolman, was traveling nights out in the tall grass. He had transgressed and had been transferred. He had arrested a rowdy with the wrong uncle, or a drunk with a drag, or an alderman's private secretary, and for the good of the service he had been assigned to a station where it took him two days every day to go to work from where he lived.

Ed was married. His wife was a girl from his own parish, and he had known her a long time. They had married without much flurry or furlough. Their home life was honest (some part of a policeman's life must be honest) and tranquil and unexciting.

Rourke had entered the police service through a longing for adventure. He preferred it to becoming a plumber's helper or a motorman. He wanted to hunt thieves and raid opium dens and shoot burglars caught in the act. And here he was, out where he got burrs on the tails of his blue coat, pacing for hours up and down cold, dark, residential streets where nothing ever happened.

Everything out in that neighborhood closed for the night before he got there for duty. No thieves were ever crazy enough to go so far out. It wasn't a fashionable suburb—one never even saw a taxi there.

Only one incident lighted up the nightly travel.

On the 2:42 car each night came Millie Pringle, a little waitress who worked downtown in a lunch-room until 2 o'clock. Ed had met her one night when he saw her get off the car and start up a dark street, alone. He addressed her and offered uniformed escort. She readily accepted. So Ed found out that she made that car nightly except Sunday, and he suggested that he had better be there each night and see that she got safely home over the two and a half blocks of desolate sidewalk. Milly said gee, it would be fine if he would.

The only good look that Ed ever got of her was as she alighted, when in the flare of the street car platform lights he noted that she was prettily put together, chubby, smiling, with nice white teeth and nice pink lips, and that she could not be more than about nineteen. He liked her walk, too, which was brisk and cute, and her talk, which was the what's what in the latest refined slang. She chewed her gum gracefully, she wore blue boots with white heels, and, generally speaking, she was the kind of a girl who would do anybody proud, anywhere.

Not a word had Ed spoken that would not have passed muster had Millie's mother been along. But there was somewhat in her smile as she caught his face each night, looking ahead while the car ground and grounded at the crossing, that led Ed to suspect that Millie had noticed his broad shoulders, his curly brown hair that showed beneath the white military police cap, and his smooth young face which could be looked at without annoyance.

When she smiled he smiled right back, giving tooth for tooth and eye for eye. And Millie knew, likewise, that each dimple registered, that the cocky little hat set off her round face tellingly, and that any man might be proud to take her to the movies.

But no diplomatic messages had been exchanged. Rourke was entirely within his duties, lending to a lone girl police convoy at that hour, and Millie could accept it in turn without compromise. They talked of the weather and suffrage and President Wilson's marriage and the fact that Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year came pretty close together—and that was all. Millie had told him what she did for a living and that she was the only daughter of a widow—and that was all. Ed had told her that he came to pound the suburban flagstones because he was "in Dutch" at headquarters—and that was all.

"And then one night Ed hurried, as he did every night, to make the car after his 2:30 pull at a box six blocks away. Millie got off. He was just about to join her, but she, quietly and without turning her face toward him at all, said out of the corner of her pretty little mouth, "Nix." Ed stepped back a pace to get a better focus, for he was puzzled. Then he noted that a man had gotten off the car at the same corner, a pace behind the girl. That was unusual in the wilderness.

Ed saw the man, but the man did not see Ed. His eyes were fixed on the girl, who started up her dark street. As she mounted to the walk he stepped rapidly beside her and took her arm in his hand. With an angry motion Millie swept her arm out of his gingery grasp, turned toward Ed and called: "Officer!"

Ed made it in two steps. The man saw him, turned white, started to go, stopped and stood frozen. Ed took him by the collar.

"What's the matter?" demanded Ed, addressing the girl.

"This goof," said Milly hotly, "made a play for me in the rest'rant. I never gave him a tumble, but he waits around till I get off and tails me on that car and takes a seat acrost from me and gives me the all-over like he was gonna buy me or something. I wasn't gonna make no riot on that car, so I let him step right into this. Now, where do we go from here? Or do I have to let a loped chicken-chaser like this run me all over town and get away with it?"

Ed tightened his grip on the fellow's collar.

"It isn't so, officer," said the prisoner. "I thought

I knew the young lady. That is—I saw her in the restaurant, and as I was going up the same way I was about to suggest that as it is dark—"

"Dark, is it?" said Policeman Rourke, and with his free hand he slapped the masher across the mouth, drawing blood. "Live up here, do you?" and he smacked him again. Then with the hand that gripped the coat Rourke gave the unwelcome stranger a shove that landed him in the middle of the dusty roadway in a heap.

Rourke followed to the edge of the sidewalk.

"If I ever ketch you annoyin' this here young lady again or mashin' on my beat I'll bust your nut and I'll run you in," said Rourke, and he turned and took Millie's arm and led her along toward her home.

Millie looked up at Ed's strong shoulders in his well-fitting blue uniform. Her little hand stole up on his arm and the spot it squeezed was as hard as Bessemer.

"You're a bear," she said with feeling.

"It's that kind o' roaches makes me wanna do murder," said Rourke. "I didn't wanna take him in becuz you would o' had to go to court an' so would I, an' the only way I could get to court at 9 in the mornin' out here would be to sleep in the station four hours, an' then I'd get home just in time to be too late to start back this here way again. But I guess he won't worry you no more after this."

"Anybody what thinks he will, a dime'll get him rich," said Millie with more feeling.

Millie gave him her hand—the first time—that night when they parted at the gate. And Ed took it. And he noticed that she had a soft little hand, though a working girl, and that when he closed his big paw over it he felt so warm and snuggly that he just kept it there until he suddenly remembered that such things mean something and he let go of it with suddenness and vigor, raised his cap, and said:

"Well, good night. I guess he won't worry you no more after this."

"Anybody what thinks he will, a dime'll get him rich," said Millie, who had her set phrase for each emotion.

Ed watched her down the black passageway to the rear door where she always slipped into the house, then he turned and strolled back toward the main avenue to meet the next car, from which the conductor always tossed him an early morning paper.

He was feeling pretty good. It had been an adventure and he had been a knight. The monotony had been broken and so had the ice.

He wondered—yes, he smiled, then frowned, then whistled once, then smiled again and wondered. What would she say if she knew he was married? He hadn't told her that he wasn't. Maybe she suspected. It wasn't hard to suspect it. But, no. Girls never suspect it. Say—they don't even believe it when a fellow tells them so.

And to some, again, it doesn't make any difference. That love thing is a funny sketch. A woman will let herself go, get herself all in love and wrapped up in a man she knows she can't have, follow him round like a devoted little slave when all the time she knows another woman has him—but that's how they are, those girls. So thought Ed as he strolled—and as he smiled.

The next night was Sunday, so he wasn't to meet Millie. But he strolled past her house three times, telling himself that he had to patrol that block, the same as any other block, didn't he? As late as midnight he saw a light in the house. But he couldn't see in. He wondered what they were doing up so late. But what mattered? He would ask her next day.

All next evening Ed found himself looking at his watch. He wasn't impatient for 2:42—nothing like that. But he just didn't want to miss that pull at the box and the girl would be scary and timid now that she had been molested, so he musn't fail in his

duty to her. No, by all means he musn't fail. So he was there and waiting when the headlight of the car swung into view and standing at the crossing walk as the platform stopped there.

Ed lifted his hat and beamed up at the step where stood Millie, with a smile on her face, looking radiant.

Ed reached up to help her off when—Suffering Disorderly Conduct!—the masher stepped out from behind Millie, put his two feet on the ground, reached up and offered his uplifted hand to Millie. Ed pulled his cap firmly on his head and with one quick motion drew back his right arm. Millie jumped down, threw up both her hands before Officer Rourke between him and the masher.

"Cut it out," said Millie sharply.

Ed stopped, his swing halting in midair. The conductor rang his two bells and the car pulled away.

"What the—" gasped Ed.

"You lay off that party," said Millie.

"Why, that's—"

"Never you mind who he is. You'll find out mighty quick who he is," and she turned to the well-dressed little man. "Arthur," she said to him, "tip this fresh harness bull off to what you think he oughta get wise to before they make kindlin' wood outta his hickory."

"Why," started the little man, clearing his throat nervously, "I am Senator Carberry, member of the state legislature from this district, and—"

"Not 'Franchise Carberry'?" exclaimed Rourke.

"They sometimes call me that," said the little man.

"Why, then—then you're the boss o' this distric'—an' you—"

"You have nothing to fear, officer," said Carberry. "I have no desire to punish you, though you do take a great deal for granted for just a common patrolman, and you are too handy with your hands for a public servant."

"But you was—"

"He was not," cut in Millie. "He was eating in the rest'rant and he sees me and—well, I guess if a party sees a party he likes—well, I guess he's got a right to get acquainted, ain't he?"

Rourke began to see it—slowly.

"Miss Pringle tells me," said the senator, "that you are dissatisfied with your assignment out here. Now, instead of having you disciplined, as I well might and as perhaps I really ought to, I am going to do you a friendly turn. Miss Pringle has told me that you have been of service to her—in your way, as every dutiful patrolman should be to a lady—so I have arranged that you be transferred back to your old post downtown. You will be notified in the morning that it has been ordered."

Ed looked at Millie. Millie looked at Carberry.

"Well, I'm—I'm much 'bliged," stuttered Rourke. "That is, if the lady thinks she can get home all right nights like—"

"You should worry your poor old nut about me," said Millie. "I ain't gonna be flipping rattlers nights no more. I'm gonna—we're gonna—Senator Carberry and I are gonna—"

Rourke staggered back a step. Carberry offered his arm to Millie, who cast an indignant and impudent glance at Rourke, turned lovingly a smile of precipitated sugar toward the senator, and started with him for the curb.

"You will be notified of your transfer in the morning," called the senator over his shoulder.

"Leave it to him—if he says transfer you they'll hop you wherever he says," tossed Millie over her shoulder.

"Thanks," said Rourke, coming out of his daze.

The couple had made the sidewalk and Rourke was forty feet away. He took three big steps, put his two hands about his mouth to make a megaphone and called after them, clearly and distinctly, "Thank you, miss. And my wife'll be much obliged, too."

From "Beef, Iron, and Wine," by Jack Lait. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Letters From the People

Mississippi's Prison Farm Products

Marionville, Mo., January 19th, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Missouri's penitentiary has been a reproach to the state for so many years that Governor Gardner could want no better opportunity to endear himself to humanity, and to enroll his name among the state's benefactors, than that presented by a real revolution of present methods and conditions. What has been done in other states can be done in ours.

Several years ago Warden Baker startled the West by taking Nevada's convicts out of their cells and putting them to work on the state's roads without guards other than each other—a system which worked so well that only four even tried to escape.

In Mississippi, the convicts are put to work on state farms instead of being confined in insanitary, tubercular cells, and the prison, instead of being an expense to the commonwealth, is its greatest asset.

When the present fiscal year closes, the Mississippi penitentiary system will have turned in more than a million dollars to the state treasury; the expense for this period will not have exceeded three hundred thousand dollars, leaving a total profit of seven hundred thousand from the state farms. The greatest revenue has come from the sale of cotton and cotton seed; other sources of revenue have been the sale of brick, live stock and miscellaneous farm products. From the Parchman farm alone was sold cotton seed to the value of \$167,524.25, in addition to 338 bales of cotton for \$32,776.70. The Belmont farm sold \$4,417.47 of cotton seed. The remainder of the receipts have been derived from the sale of the cotton raised on the various Sunflower farms, or camps, and the live stock, mules and cattle aggregating over \$12,000. The foregoing figures cover the period from July 1, 1916, to January 4, 1917, and the total of sales for that time was \$600,390. There remain on hand to be sold sufficient cotton valued at \$99 a bale, cotton seed valued at \$1,300 a car, and corn valued at \$1.00 a bushel, to bring the total income up to \$1,002,206.76.

Contrast that with the results of the Missouri contract system which the prison officials are so reluctantly relinquishing. Contrast the moral and physical benefit to the convict of labor near the soil and in the open air to crowded quarters in a factory. Missouri has thousands of acres that could be advantageously tilled and her highways are muddy roads instead of macadamized arteries of commerce—the transformation from the one to the other would add immeasurably to the wealth of Missouri farmers. And who could calculate the joy in certain quarters if seven hundred thousand dollars could be turned over to the Missouri treasury by the penitentiary system, say, next month!

Before his election, Governor Gardner was advertised by his partisans as a business man who would administer state

affairs upon a business basis. Here is a good place to begin and the way pointed out.

Very respectfully,

A. FATLADY.

The "Enc. Brit."

Philadelphia, Jan. 16th, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It's all right for your Mr. Wright to go out with a whole battery after "Culture in the Enc. Brit.," but it seems to me that he should not assail it, in the present circumstances as an *English* project. For that it is not. It is a Yankee scheme—that and nothing more.

A little off-hand history of the "Britannica" may throw much needed light upon Mr. Wright's very thorough exposure of the deficiencies in the contents of the publication.

It was a matter of fifteen years or more ago that Hooper and Jackson, two American book-men—book-agents one



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might say—got hold of the even then venerable remains of the "Britannica." They made the deal with the London *Times*, profoundly shocking to British tradition, whereby "The Thunderer" stood sponsor for a "whirlwind campaign" that outraged, astounded and bewildered England but plastered the country pretty thoroughly with sets of the "Britannica."

Owing to the original publishers having overlooked the fact that some ninety odd millions of people in this hemisphere speak English—or rather read it—they were involved for several years in lawsuits over copyright with a genial bunch of pirates who photographed their plates and reprinted them under the

name of the "Americana," which certainly was a nifty little idea.

Two prominent members of the organization were Messrs. Middlebrook and Shumaker, who returned to this country with the money they had made out of the "Britannica" and founded the justly famous "Sterling Debenture Corporation," upon certain regrettable defects of which they have been meditating for several years in the Atlanta federal penitentiary.

The "Britannica" being manifestly weak on American entries, they set a few hack writers to work over here and injected some American material. Then they seduced Cambridge University, purchased a tremendous lot of



February Furniture Sale

Begins Monday, January 29th

THREE GREAT INSPECTION DAYS
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
January 25th, 26th and 27th

THESE Inspection Days are planned to make this annual event of utmost helpfulness. They give prospective purchasers of Furniture ample opportunity to view the exceptional offerings in this occasion, and afford home-furnishers a splendid opportunity for contemplating their various needs.

This February Furniture Sale is the *Original* event of its kind in Saint Louis. Through the years it has added much prestige and reputation to its value-giving, and it is recognized today as the one truly Big Furniture Event of the season.

The merchandise for this occasion is chosen with extreme care. Our buyers go to the leading makers of the country and secure at very liberal price-concessions, many samples as well as regular lines, which are offered at corresponding savings.

Only thoroughly trustworthy Furniture can find a place in this sale, and we take great care to see that the pieces chosen are of latest style and splendidly finished.

Watch the daily papers for specific announcements and instances of the savings chances this event affords, and if there is a single Furniture need in the home, plan to avail yourself of this helpful occasion which begins Monday, January 29th.

STIX, BAER & FULLER
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GRAND-LEADER

advertising at the price of a dinner presided over by Lord Raleigh and invaded the United States, copyright on a "new and completely revised edition" having been duly obtained.

In the meantime, Hooper and Jackson fell out and a lawsuit ensued, which left Hooper master of the situation. Jackson ran true to form by getting control of the back numbers of an English child's magazine, issuing them as "The Book of Knowledge," a mine of knowledge for the young and under a title that falsely suggested the patronage of The Grolier Club, so it is alleged, making a thundering lot of money out of the venture.

Mr. Wright is correct in his criticisms. It is very insular; but my point is that the contents of the book is about the last thing the present owners care a damn about. They have the name "Britannica," and all its ancient prestige and they don't care a hang about its scholarship so long as it sells. The name and the fine old tradition of the book will stand a positively fearful amount of debauching. Mr. Wright is not quite fair, however. It is a British publication, and English painters, writers, etc., are naturally much more interesting to Englishmen than equally great or greater foreigners. The spirit is about the same as would lead an American publication to devote ten pages to General Grant and describe the Duke of Marlborough as an English General who helped Eugene of Savoy to win the battle of Blenheim. I have in my possession an American encyclopaedia, not as big as the "Britannica," however, which informs all and sundry that the Duke of Wellington was at the battle of New Orleans—to the greater glory of Andrew Jackson. I wonder what Mr. Wright would say to that? S. R.

"Interpretations of Literature"

St. Louis, Jan. 21, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In a recent article in the *Post-Dispatch*, dealing with what literary St. Louisans had been reading recently, I was attracted by your praise of Lafcadio Hearn's "Interpretations of Literature," and now I want to thank you for introducing me to a great book of rare cultural quality and influence. In its cultural elements it deserves to rank with Mathew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," and it is far simpler and more explanatory. And incidentally, may I not say that, when I got this book from the library, I remarked to the most brilliant and appreciative young woman I know, a dispenser in that institution: "The editor of the MIRROR always pitches his reading on a higher plane than most of the reading oracles in this town." "Yes," she replied, "I know it."

FAYETTE C. EWING.

♦♦♦

Land Value Tax in N. S. W.

(Correspondence of the Mirror.)

Sydney, N. S. W., Australia,
October 30th, 1916.

In April, 1916, the Sydney City Council adopted the principle of rating upon the unimproved capital value of the land as its only method of local taxation. Since 1909 it had had a dual system, consisting of 1/9 in the pound upon the

assessed annual values of properties, with a supposed minimum of five per cent of the unimproved value where land was vacant, and 1 1/2d. in the pound on the bare value of the land. As a result of the city elections in December, 1915, when the electors declared for taxation of land values only, one rate of 4d. in the pound upon the value of land was adopted in April, 1916.

After the elections, Ald. R. D. Meagher, M. L. A., was appointed Lord Mayor of Sydney. He had long been a supporter of the principle of land value rating. He smoothed out the difficulties still in the way and when the council actually imposed the new form of rating, the opposition collapsed. Although the adoption of this reform was primarily due to popular agitation, the importance of the part played by the Lord Mayor cannot be over-estimated. On the 7th of December, 1916, the Sydney City Council met to elect a Lord Mayor for 1917 and Ald. Meagher was re-elected for a second term. In briefly returning thanks he said: "The economic changes he had inaugurated here had focussed the eyes of students and statesmen upon the city, as had been shown by the receipt of at least fifteen or sixteen communications, which he had received from North and South America and other parts of the world, in which the writers were anxious to know the operation of the council's new form of taxation."

The re-election of the Lord Mayor has given general satisfaction for it is recognized on all sides that he has done well in a very difficult year.

It may interest your readers to learn some of the effects of altering the system of local taxation. The best way I can show it is by actual examples. In the first paragraph I mentioned that under the former system of rating on the assessed annual value there was a supposed minimum of five per cent where land was vacant. There were, however, a number of properties where the land were used which were assessed at less than five per cent of the bare value of the land. The following particulars show three classes of properties with the old and new rates. The first table shows the class rated at less than it would have been as vacant land. Second table shows highly improved properties.

Property	Rates 1915	Rates 1916	Increase
Warehouse & offices	£1,179	£2,013	£834
Shops, Market St.	431	834	403
Hotel & shops	302	508	206
House & cow run	140	312	172
House, Hunter St.	103	229	126

These increases are fairly substantial and serve to remind the owners that their duty to society is to make efficient use of the portion of the earth's surface to which they possess a title. On vacant land, owners pay an increase in rates of 56 per cent. Here is an example. Land in Elizabeth street valued at £30,000, the rates in 1915 were £319, and in 1916, £500. The following cases show how highly improved properties are affected:

Property	Rates 1915	Rates 1916	Reduction
Strand Arcade	£2083	£1527	£556
Culwulla Chambers	939	455	484



The Greatest Furniture Sale This Store Has Ever Held Will Begin Next Monday

Tomorrow and Saturday will be the Preliminary Days

What do we mean by Preliminary Days? Just this: you can look over the assortments and choose anything you wish at the sale prices. The article will then be held for delivery on Monday—the first day of the sale. This plan enables you to have first choice of the sale values—and to inspect the offerings at your leisure. It's a splendid way to avail yourself of the many unusual opportunities

Many Unusual Features Have Been Arranged for this Great Event

As we have told you in the heading of this announcement, the 1917 February Furniture Sale will be the greatest event of its kind that this store has ever attempted; and that means the greatest that St. Louisans have ever been invited to participate in.

The Assortments are Larger The Values are Better

—and the preparation has been so thorough that every detail has been carefully considered.

Six months ago we began to lay plans for the betterment of this Furniture Section. We wanted to enlarge its scope—to make it of more real helpfulness to you—to build it upon a better value foundation; and the culmination of this effort is reached in this noteworthy February event.

Remember—Friday and Saturday, Preliminary Days—the days for you to see the wonderful sale values, and to profit by them.

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Bull's Chambers	659	405	254
Beanbah Chambers	368	141	227
Daking House	629	417	212

These reductions are very satisfactory and a very distinct encouragement to owners to make better use of their land.

It may be asked what has been the effect on the building trade in 1916. For several reasons the effect is not very marked yet. The war overshadows everything and has very seriously affected the building trade. Give the new

system a little time and a return to normal conditions and the result will be all that we can expect.

I would like to make it quite clear that the City of Sydney is merely the inner portion of the capital of N. S. W. It is surrounded by forty suburbs which have imposed their local taxes on land values only since 1908. The progress of the building trade in the suburbs since 1908 has been phenomenal. The values of land are assessed by the local governing bodies and generally are very low—probably not more, on an average, than half the real value. While that is a defect, it is not so serious as might be supposed. It is met by a higher rate of tax. Under the Land Valuation Act of 1916, however, the question of valuation is placed in the hands of a state department and in the course of a few years the valuations should be much better.

Here is a summary of the position comparing 1908 with 1914. It should be borne in mind, however, that in 1908 the power to impose a rate on unimproved values was given to the city council, which added £100,000 to its revenue in 1909. As a set-off it incurred additional expenditure.

	1908.	1914.
Area sq. miles	4½	5
Population	118,380	110,700
City of Sydney	42,207,812	27,395,826
Suburbs	331,072	31,979,353
Country municipalities	287,988	22,573,671
Shires	370,373	103,451,177
Rates	£196,854	458,379
Land Values	£20,207,812	579,845
	23,799,856	450,140
	20,104,983	623,690
	82,114,771	

The changes in areas are due to local adjustments and the deduction of the federal capital area from one of the shires. In the first table, except the City of Sydney, almost the whole of the rates—local taxation—were on land values only. In the second table the city revenue included about £158,000 from land values. Apart from the city, all the rest is almost entirely from land values, the exceptions being only a few of the country municipalities which rate to some extent on improvements. The proportion so raised is trifling, probably not more than one per cent.

It is difficult to make comparisons between our local governing bodies and those in other countries. *The great essential fact to bear in mind is that in 1916 almost the whole of the local tax-*

ation in N. S. W. was drawn from the value of land exclusive of all improvements. The water supplies for Sydney and Newcastle are outside the local government system, but are included in other centers. The Sydney and Newcastle Water Boards rate on the old system of the annual value. A bill was recently passed through the lower house giving the boards the option of rating on unimproved values, but it had not been finally dealt with in the upper house where it was meeting with some opposition when the session ended. When that bill passes, it will enable the boards to alter the incidence of about £700,000 in taxation for the water and sewerage of the Sydney and Newcastle districts to unimproved land values. In N. S. W. the Harbour Trust is apart from the local governing bodies. The Tramway system is a state department and in Sydney the gas supply is in the hands of private companies. I hope that these particulars will be of some use to those who desire to compare Sydney and the rest of the state of N. S. W. with their own city and state or country with respect to local taxation.

A. G. HUIE,
Box 797, G. P. O.,
Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

Home of the Friendless

How many St. Louisans have ever heard of the Home of the Friendless, have ever been there—or would like to go? It is a home for old ladies at 4431 South Broadway, built in the midst of spacious grounds on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi. No one under sixty years is admitted, there are never fewer than seventy-nine "guests" and oftentimes there are many more; the sanitation and care are so excellent that these old ladies take a new lease on life upon entering and live to the respectable age of eighty-five or one hundred years—indeed, the health department stated that last year the death rate at this institution was the lowest in the whole city.

Naturally, to supply these elderly ladies with the comforts which they deserve requires a considerable income. To aid the cause a number of St. Louis women have arranged an auction bridge and *thé dansant* to be given at Moolah temple, on Saturday, February 3; bridge will be played from two-thirty till five, *thé dansant* will continue from four till six. Tickets, which will admit to either or both these forms of entertainment, will be \$2.50 per person. Gus Haenschen's orchestra will furnish the music. There will be competitive dancing for couples, with prizes for both ladies and gentlemen. There will be a handsome prize for each card table. The one big prize of the afternoon—which anyone may win whether she play bridge or dance or do neither—will be a Ford coupelet. All these prizes have been donated. The officers of the association are Mesdames John T. Davis, Dexter Tiffany, Henry C. Scott, John H. McCluney and Miss Mary Lionberger; the entertainment committee is headed co-equally and co-ordinately by Mrs. John Lawrence Mauran and Mrs. Frank Victor Hammar.

Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

Hector Berlioz

There is probably no other composer of prominence who is so little understood by both musicians and the layman as the subject of this sketch. When we stop to consider, however, that our impression of Berlioz is based upon second-hand information, usually given to us by the German historian or by some formidable artistic rival like Richard Wagner, it is not surprising that we cannot fairly estimate his remarkable achievements in music.

Wagner in his "Opera and Drama" wrote a scathing criticism of Berlioz as a composer, without ever having seen or heard his important works; and years later we find him writing to Liszt for the loan of some of Berlioz's symphonies as he would like to become acquainted with them! There is absolutely no point of resemblance between these two men, although they have frequently been compared as composers. Berlioz was first and last a revolutionary; to him, more than to any other man in the nineteenth century does the modern science of orchestration owe a great debt. With the very slightest instruction at the Conservatory of Paris, which he entered in his early twenties, this unique Frenchman developed a mastery of the orchestra, and by the sheer force of his genius elaborated a science of instrumentation which is still the admiration of all fair-minded musicians. But this is not his only claim to greatness. He is the creator of the symphonic poem, and his "Romeo and Juliet" still ranks as one of the finest examples in this modern form.

Wagner spent most of his life in trying to convince himself and the public that the art of music as an independent expression of emotion had reached its climax in the Beethoven symphony; that henceforth its horizon could be widened and its powers intensified only by becoming the obedient slave of poetry in the lyric drama. Berlioz, on the other hand, launched his manifesto for absolute musical freedom in 1856, in a letter to the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. He says in this letter that the time had arrived when music must assert her absolute liberty; that she had a right to stand free and naked and unashamed before the whole world, for in her, unaided by the sister art of poetry, were latent powers of expression capable of voicing all of the unutterable passions and griefs and desires of mankind.

But Berlioz went farther than mere theorizing, and wrote a number of symphonic poems like "Romeo and Juliet," the "King Lear Overture," the "Harold in Italy," to mention only a few, all inspired of course by a dramatic theme but all independent works of pure music.

It would be interesting to collect a record of the impressions made last Friday and Saturday by the orchestra's performance of the "Harold in Italy." I met a number of intelligent music-lovers who have heard good music all over the world, who expressed themselves as delighted with the symphony.

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On the other hand, a number of our professional musicians and critics were thoroughly disgusted with both Berlioz and "Harold." This situation is so common in estimating the music of Berlioz as to cause no surprise whatever; you either detest him with a detestation bordering upon disgust, or you admire him, if not for the intrinsic beauty of his melody, at least for his uncanny skill in tone painting. I took the trouble to attend both performances. On Friday afternoon I followed the score carefully, and was more deeply interested in the mere constructive side of the work than in its musical beauty or fitness. On Saturday night, however, I gave myself unreservedly to an emotional attitude; there were moments of great lyrical beauty, noticeably in the "March of the Pilgrims;" the first movement abounds in striking and brilliant passages of great rhythmical charm without any distinguishing melody. But let us stop for a moment and consider Berlioz's peculiar genius; he was uniquely a Frenchman and a self-taught musician; his melody, which strikes us as childish, commonplace, even ugly, is peculiarly his own.

or has the flavor of the native French folk song, of which most of us are blissfully ignorant. Our memories are saturated with the music of Germany and Italy and we unconsciously compare everything we hear with these models. This is the very poorest way to appreciate Berlioz, and I am quite convinced that if Mr. Zach were to give us frequent performances of his greatest works like the "Romeo and Juliet," the "Carnaval Romain," etc., we would soon like the flavor of his music, just as we have become accustomed to the strange taste of Debussy and the modern Russians.

"Harold" is by no means one of Berlioz's greatest works, and it would be a pity if we closed our minds to a further acquaintance with this marvelous genius. Those who are interested in learning more about Berlioz can refer to Rolland's admirable essay in "Musicians of To-day," published by Henry Holt and Company, 1914. Here we get an intimate picture of Berlioz with all his human weaknesses and his brilliant musical genius, from the standpoint of a Frenchman and critic of the broadest human sympathy. Surely the author of "Jean Christophe" is worth reading in connection with so paradoxical a nature as Berlioz.

The orchestra at this concert played Mozart's overture to the "Magic Flute" in wonderful style, voicing the delicate genius of the immortal composer with ravishing purity of execution. The soloist was Leopold Godowsky, who at both concerts gave a monumental reading of Tchaikowsky's glorious and barbaric concerto in B flat minor, atoning to many people thereby for the imaginary inanities of Hector Berlioz. We are all familiar with Godowsky's qualities as pianist, his phenomenal mastery of every keyboard problem, his ravishing pianissimo; but we were not prepared for the thunders evoked in the first and last movement of the concerto. Godowsky is decidedly growing as an interpreter.

♦♦♦

At the Theaters

The second big week of William Fox's million dollar picture beautiful, "A Daughter of the Gods," begins at the Shubert-Garrick theater, Sunday afternoon. Capacity audiences were present at every showing of this wonderful film last week.

The St. Louis papers were lavish in their praise of "A Daughter of the Gods," hailing it as the master motion picture production of the age. It is running to capacity audiences in New York, where it has been playing for six months, and if last week's business at the Chestnut street theater can be taken as a criterion, "A Daughter of the Gods" will be with us for a long time.

♦

Last season's casts in three "Daddy Long Legs" companies on tour were notable for their excellence, and when Henry Miller decided to send out but one company in the United States, he selected the best players from each of the former companies and has combined them in the organization which will be seen at the Jefferson theater during the

week commencing next Sunday night. In the cast to be seen here will be Frances Carson, who will be the bewitching little *Judy*; George Alison, who plays the bachelor hero *Pendleton*; Bessie Lea Lestina, whose *Mrs. Semple* was one of the delights of those who saw her in the same role during the Chicago engagement; Nina Saville as *Mrs. Lipsett*; Gertrude Rivers, who plays *Mrs. Pendleton*; Donald Foster, the engaging young "Jimmie" of last season; Eda von Buelow, who is the *Mrs. Pritchard*; Ruth Tomlinson and Gladys Wilson as the two college girls; Fred Beane, Clarence Johnson and a dozen other equally well known players.

♦

"The Bride Shop," a musical comedy that is undoubtedly the "Merry Widow" of vaudeville, is the headline act on an exceptionally attractive eight-act bill, starting at the Columbia Monday afternoon. A company of fifteen is headed by Andrew Thombes, a comedian of unusual merit. The music is by Rolfe, the lyrics by McKenna, and the book by Fred de Grassac, author of "The Enchantress," "The Purple Road" and "Sweethearts." This is de Grassac's first and only work seen in vaudeville.

Allan Dinchart offers a comedy of to-day, "The Highest Bidder," written by Everett S. Ruskay. Dinchart is supported by Mary Louise Dyer and by John Alexander. Others on the bill are James Diamond and Sibyl Brennan in "Niftynonsense," the Four Holloways, comedy acrobatic and trick cyclists; James Mullen and Alan Coogan, in "Odd Nonsense," Mabelle Sherman and Arthur Utry in dainty bits of musical comedy; Alice Lyndon Doll and company in bits of music and song, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

"The Four Husbands," a musical comedy featuring Ray Raymond and Florence Bain, is the headliner on the current bill, concluding Sunday night.

♦

The newest play to teach a vital lesson is "Her Unborn Child," which comes to the American theater next week, commencing with the Sunday matinee. It is the work of Howard McKent Barnes, who has taken as a theme, birth control, and written a strong play around this human problem. In the play two young people who love unwisely and fear to face the consequences, appeal to a kindly old physician to extricate them from their trouble. He is of the old school and wisely shows them the better way out. The author avoids sensationalism in his work, and there is nothing to offend the good taste of the theatergoer in the play's action, although the theme is handled in a manner to drive the lesson home with telling effect.

♦


Because of the unprecedented success of "It Pays to Advertise," at The Players, and because of public demand, the management announces a second week of this attraction. The second week will be featured by a benefit on Monday night, given by Dr. Duckworth, of the Church of the Redeemer, and on Tuesday by the Woodward and Tiernan Club.

The retention of "It Pays to Advertise" for a second week, gives addi-

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FOURTH and PINE

tional time for the staging of Lewis B. Ely's new play, which will see its first performance on Sunday afternoon, February 4. Mr. Ely's effort, his third by the way, is a four-act comedy, bearing the timely name, "A Dry Town." It is a story of a rural Missouri town and the time is the present, the theme the vital topic of the day, prohibition. It is handled in an amusing and entertaining way with no such attitude as will offend either the advocates nor the opponents of the suppression of the liquor traffic, yet the point of view of the author is the liberal one. The plot is the story of "how the dry boss was found with the wet goods," to quote the author himself. Lawrence Marston, one of the leading New York stage directors, who has been with the Charles Frohman and Klaw and Erlanger forces for many years, and is the man who staged such "knockouts" as "Ben Hur," "The Prince of India," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," to name only a few, has been specially engaged to put on this play, and is now in St. Louis hard at work on the new play. The plan is to give the piece a real production in every sense of the word. The scenery will all be newly built and newly painted, the properties thorough as those of a Broadway production, and the cast so far as possible, one of types for each individual role. Mitchell Harris will play the hero, a Missouri newspaper man, and Miss Templeton the heroine. A number of extra people will be made necessary by a cast of twenty speaking parts, and supernumeraries to the number of a hundred will add verisimilitude to the play. Hardee Kirkland, one of the sterling New York actors of the real Broadway class, is coming on to play the second lead—an extra engagement that is a costly one for The Players. Arthur Holman, Natalie Perry, Esther Howard and the rest of The Players, are all to have good roles.

♦

Director Loebel has arranged a benefit performance for Miss Lore Duino, the leading lady of the German theater company, at the German theater next Sunday, to enable her legion of friends and admirers to show their appreciation. The offering on this occasion will be the comedy novelty, Max Deyer's new and successful play, "Under Treatment." It

tells the story of a woman physician who upsets the conventions of a small Pomeranian village by establishing herself as a practicing doctor against all the accepted notions that such a profession is not in a woman's sphere. The comedy situations that the story provokes are full of the richest and most delightful humor and Miss Duino, who takes the part of the physician, is given an opportunity to display her splendid talent. The play is a companion to the comedy that was recently given here by this company, entitled, "What Will the People Say?"

♦

One of the most expensive and best musical tabloid ever produced for vaudeville will head the bill at the Grand Opera House the week beginning Monday. "Vanity Fair" is a revue in seven scenes and fifteen musical numbers and specialties. The setting of the last scene is a Moorish villa, and is elaborate and artistic. The scenery for this production costs a small fortune, and the costumes will be a positive treat to theater-goers. The show is headed by Jack Trainer, the well-known comedian, who has made thousands laugh in the role of *Henpecked Henry*.

Love and Wilbur, a man and woman whom nature endowed with remarkable physiques, in "The Art of Perfection," will offer one of the most sensational athletic numbers in vaudeville.

Other fine attractions will be Kay and Belle, a vaudeville confection; Ray Snow, "The Man About Town," monologist; Elinore Sherman, character comedienne, and new animated and comedy pictures.

The Seven Lyric Dancers head the current week's programme.

♦♦♦

The Moose—not the political, but the fraternal—have rented the Coliseum for a great entertainment to be given on the night of January 30. There will be moving pictures illustrating life at the greater center of the order's activity, which is to say, Mooseheart, Ind., to be followed by a lecture on "Vocational Training," by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of Government of Harvard

University. The order's colony at Moosheart makes a feature of the vocational training of boys.

❖

The coming of Efrem Zimbalist, the famous young Russian violinist, as soloist at the Symphony concerts of this week, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, will mark the beginning of an extraordinary era in music affairs here. Zimbalist is the first in the list of three of the five world's greatest violinists who have been engaged to play with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra this season.

Conductor Zach has arranged an extremely interesting orchestra programme as a background for the artist of the two concerts. Dvorak's "New World" symphony is the principal feature and a new and as yet unpublished work, a tone-poem by the American composer, Frederick Converse, will have its first performance anywhere, in these two concerts.

Miss Eula Dawley, the young St. Louis soprano, is announced as soloist for this Sunday's "Pop" concert. The orchestral feature of the same programme will be Hosmer's "Southern Rhapsody."

❖❖❖

New Books

"Master Simon's Garden" (the Macmillan Co.), is a delightful little story, if for nothing else than its modesty and simplicity. *Master Simon Radpath* comes from England to Massachusetts with the earliest Pilgrims and plants a garden in the wilderness. But he planted other than vegetables, for with the flowers against which his neighbors protested as "sinful," he sowed the seeds of liberty and religious tolerance. The book is a sort of a panorama of history from the days of the early Pilgrims to the end of the Revolution and tells the life stories of the various descendants of *Master Simon* who lived in the garden and kept alive the traditions concerning him. Cornelia Meigs tells the tale and tells it well. Although some of it deals with the black bigotry of the early period and the storm and stress of the generations following, there is little of melodrama. Its dominant notes are gentleness and kindness.

❖

"The Child of the Moat" (G. Arnold Shaw, New York), comes nearer being an old-fashioned romance than anything published in years. The date of the story is about 1557, the time of the queen the English call "Bloody Mary." It is a story for girls—"for precocious girls of thirteen; that is to say, for girls of thirteen and upward, and perhaps for grown people, but hardly for superior young ladies of about seventeen." It is explained, to begin with, that most of the stories for girls are "mushy," in which respect the stories written for boys are superior, and that therefore this story is frankly melodramatic. Whatever may be the demand of the young person, it may be said that a heroine who has not yet reached her thirteenth year, who can read Greek and Latin, can swim and use a rapier

with sufficient skill to slay a man armed with a similar weapon, and is withal as refined and as beautiful as a dream, would seem just a little improbable even in this rapid age; but, then, the reviewer is not a maiden of thirteen; he read the story to the final page and found it interesting. The way the story came to be written is in itself a romance. I. B. Stoughton Holborn, Oxford University art lecturer, poet, archaeologist and laird of the remote and romantic Isle of Foula, was on the *Lusitania* when it was sunk. He was rescued with a little girl with whom he had made friends, and as she lost her near relatives, he having no little girl, but three boys, took her to live with him at his home in Scotland. It was for her the book was written and it is to her, "Avis Dolphin," it is dedicated.

❖

"Handle With Care" (Harper Brothers) is a story of New Jersey country folk, and their peculiarities, and the outstanding peculiarity is the strange locutions that the authoress, Margaret Turnbull, puts in their mouths. Never having lived in New Jersey, the reviewer nevertheless will wager that the people there do not talk as Miss Turnbull would have us believe they do. What's the reason that women when they attempt to deal with lingoes, colloquialisms and provincialisms of speech always get tangled up? The story is concerned principally with a young man, banished by a millionaire father to a certain remote part of Jersey, after he has served a term in prison for getting drunk and running over and killing a man with his automobile and because he refused to quit wooing John Barleycorn after he got out of jail, and a young woman who has been an attendant in a sanitarium, and goes to that quiet Jersey retreat to recuperate her nervous energies. She attempts to reform the young man, and, of course, succeeds. I do not take it that the story is particularly valuable as a presentation of a phase of life, but the love motive is developed in a rather interesting manner.

❖❖❖

Beauty and the Boss

By Martha Keeler

The employer, as a member of the well-known human race, is often much maligned. Every now and then the fictionists—who are "story-tellers" in more ways than one—get busy about Eloise, the beautiful young girl, as good as gold but utterly devoid of it, who obtains employment in the luxurious offices of an important corporation and after varied episodes, such as saving the firm from bankruptcy or sobbing into the office telephone, either marries her millionaire employer and acquires a limousine, or, spurning his ill-meant advances, tearfully departs leaving no address. But real life is different. The average boss, the every-day business man, is neither a rounder nor a lovelorn swain, but, being made of the same material as the rest of us, likes, when other things are equal, to have persons on the premises who are easy to look at. At the start, personal attractiveness is undoubt-

edly a help: in seeking a position a girl who is capable and good-looking usually has the preference over a girl who, whether capable or not, is plain. Yet for holding a job efficiency, not beauty, casts the deciding vote.

My sympathies were aroused one day by what appeared to be a case of beauty without half a chance. She wrote me a long letter, in the course of which she said: "I clerked in a store until I saved enough money to take a business course, and have now done stenographic work three years, in several different places. Without conceit, can say I am not lazy, and I never discuss business matters with anyone outside the office. Employers tell me I have a charming personality. What do you suppose is the reason I am a misfit? At present I'm out of a job."

She lived in my home city, so I looked her up. Truly employers did not exaggerate in saying she had a charming personality! She was an unusually attractive girl. I also discovered she was an unusually inaccurate stenographer. Had she studied shorthand one-quarter as industriously as she took dancing lessons, she would have adorned the office as signally as she ornamented the

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ballroom. But keeping up with the new steps kept her behindhand with her work: the foxtrot far outdistanced the pothooks. Work and play are mutually helpful when the sense of proportion is observed. But to dance four nights a week till three o'clock in the morning and then go to business (business of keeping awake) at nine—well, you can figure it out yourself. No wonder the girl lost her job.

Good-looking girls sometimes believe that because nature gave them beauty they need not struggle to acquire the other good things of life, on the theory that the latter belong to them by some higher law of loveliness. Accordingly

they set out appropriating everything in sight that appeals to their taste, suits their coloring, and is not nailed down. Of course, trouble speedily results: the plain girls in the office indulge in speech that is still plainer and do a little grabbing on their own account. Haughty Beauty sometimes profits by the opportunities accorded her to see herself as others see her, but oftener withdraws for a season of sulking in the cloakroom.

But even when a beauty looks her best and acts her prettiest, when docility and dimples are equally in evidence, the firm is paying rent for some other purpose than to furnish a background for feminine attractiveness. While few employers would object to the combination of brains and beauty in members of the force, few, I take it, if confronted with the necessity of choice, would hesitate to give brains the preference. In general, men carry on their business with the object of financial gain. This demands of everyone trained intelligence, and unless an employee—be she dewy-orbed or goggle-eyed, satin-skinned or freckled—aids in the attainment of this goal, her stay in any office will almost invariably be short. In other words, the vanity box is no relation to the pay envelope. —From *Collier's Weekly*.

♦♦♦

"Continued—"

By Celia Baldwin Whitehead

Of all the modern innovations in the literary (?) world, "Continued on page —" is, to me, the most annoying. And, apart from the annoyance, it indicates a subservience to commercialism of the noble art of literature that is very saddening to a lover of letters.

If you would complete a sentence before telling us to "continue" it would not be quite as exasperating as to be obliged to keep one part of a dismembered sentence in mind while hunting for the other.

Who wants to be interrupted in the midst of a thrilling love-passage or a tale of hair-breadth escape from deadly peril, in order to consider the merits of rival automobiles or to be told by the advertiser of a special brand that "soup aids the digestion of other foods?"

Cigars and carving knives, watches and soap, shoes, safety-pins and ginger ale, rubber heels and victrolas are all well enough in their place; but that place is not, properly, between the widely separated pages of a story, essay or, worst of all, a poem, as sometimes happens.

I sigh for the good old days when the magazine kept the stories going on consecutive pages and the newspaper had an index on the front page and went on saying all it had to say on one subject till that was done with, instead of chopping everything into little pieces and starting a dozen articles at once. Then, you could read a newspaper with some dignity; now, with so many starters on the first page, if you wish to read connectedly you must flap the paper back and forth like a meaningless child. O, it's a weary, weary world. To "read and rest" has become only a sarcasm.

Nevertheless, having learned "If you

can't have what you want, make the best of what you have," I have gathered a few choice specimens of the prevailing method which I herewith offer to a suffering public in the hope that some small alleviation of literary misery may be experienced through the amusement thereby afforded:

"Her resentment against her husband vanished; she—(Continued on page 50.)

"Of course," said Aubrey, nonchalantly, assuming the wisdom—(Continued on page 65.)

"We made sacrifices here and there but always—(Continued on page 38.)

"Cousin Lizzie had gone to bed in a darkened room with a headache—(Continued on page 80.)

"I do not see how I could have got—(Continued on page 112.)

"The post furnished fried plantain and boiled plantain and—(Continued on page 89.)

"We call it 'Borigneu,' the lovely land, the daughter of the sea and—(Continued on page 106.)

"My boy days—(Continued on page 69.)

"She reached, clutched the bars with her stiffening fingers, drew herself up and—(Continued on page 30.)

"We slowed down here, progressing by jerks and bumps until presently we—(Continued on page 53.)

"Just as I achieved this self-satisfied state of mind I suddenly discovered I was—(Continued on page 104.)

"Her husband is a professor in the University of Rome and his knowledge—(Continued on page 106.)

"The Democrats also—(Continued on page 33.)

"The battle north of the Somme—(Continued on page 2, column 4.)

"The front room—(Continued on page 73.)

"He was entirely satisfied that the girl—(Continued on page 84.)

"The trail was now—(Concluded on page 98.)

"Do you mean?" she faltered; "I thought you—(Continued on page 42.)

"An official report says * * * two successful raids have been made—(Continued on page 2, column 1.)

"Each had to submit to a personal inspection and they were—(Continued on page 31.)

"He had become fascinated by an idea—(Continued on page 122.)

"With Frohman, the wishes—(Continued on page 168.)

"Dear heart of mine—your dear letter—(Continued on page 2, column 2.)

"Well, that's another story, a heart-breaking story—(Continued on page 71.)

"What did the girls say when—(Continued on page 93.)

"There's nothing to be scared about; he's—(Continued on page 422.)

"Once upon a time, in the days of the Greeks, when the world was very young and daddies—(Continued on page 444.)

"As we looked about, a little red-coated figure—(Concluded on page 61.)

"All that," she agreed, is—(Continued on page 60.)

"A young man and woman, clad in

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scanty bathing suits—(Continued on page 344.)

"She read them all through with her mouth open and—(Continued on page 367.)

"For three days the white chiefs and the red chiefs—(Continued on page 373.)

"But, say, pal, I—(Continued on page 351.)

"The world shall be filled with the tread—the awful, beautiful, resistless tread—of the feet of the men—(Concluded on page 376.)

"The real moon—(Concluded on page 190.)

"And after it was all over the scientists had said that the event had really occurred only nobody—(Continued on page 114.)

"For years her least whim had been—(Continued on page 88.)

"Nowhere within the United States could so exotic a spectacle be—(Continued on page 172.)

I claim no special literary merit for the above conglomeration. Anybody can gather up a like number of break-offs and continueds by scanning the front pages of newspapers and all the pages of popular magazines. Is this to continue forever? I hope for better things. I hope that the advertising may be put back (or front) into its old and specific place that we may be spared its further indecorous, promiscuous, exasperating intrusion into the other portions of our periodicals.

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An interesting story by a sympathetic biographer. A free-hand chronological account of the main channels of activity through which Mr. Ford has arrived at his present eminence in the business world. Portrait frontispiece.

WILDFIRE by Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35.

The story of a wonderful horse by a clever and vivid writer. Illustrated.

PELLE THE CONQUERER by Martin Andersen Nexø. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50. "Daybreak," the concluding volume in the series of four that, taken together, picture the life and character of a modern labor leader. The other three were reviewed at length by The Mirror.

♦♦♦

Marts and Money

They have a firm market on the Wall Street Exchange. Despite obstinate professional opposition and startling news, every other day, in respect to marine warfare, quotations are creeping upward in all the leading cases. Accumulative purchasing is plainly in evidence in hours of depression, even in the railroad group, which has so consistently been neglected since November, 1915. Meliorative proceedings are promoted by the material improvement in the banking position and money market. The latest weekly exhibit of the clearing-house institutions disclosed excess reserves of \$202,500,000. This amount is only about \$20,000,000 under the maximum record established in the first six months of 1915. In the first week of last December, the excess stood at \$42,000,000. The expansion of \$50,000,000 in the loan item was the result of preparations for the new British loan of \$250,000,000, which is to be floated at a price netting subscribers not less than 6 per cent. Call loans remain at 2 per cent, and six-month loans at 3½. In circumstances such as these, further and more substantial enhancement in the values of investment bonds and stocks would appear inevitable, the croaking of some authorities notwithstanding. The present market is not essentially different from that of a year ago. There was a great deal of "bear" talk, of popular distrust, and distinct pessimism in "conservative" quarters in the first four months of 1916. Railroad stocks touched their lowest levels in March and April. While conditions are somewhat different than they were in that period, especially as concerns war contracts and peace prospects, it must be borne in mind that only a month ago, the general market was in the throes of a very drastic purgative process, and that the recovery since that time has been of quite modest proportions. There are some good railroad stocks which are worth less to-day than they were on December 23. New York Central is one of them; Canadian Pacific, another. Where betterment is shown, it does not amount to more than two or three points in the majority of instances.

United States Steel common is rated at 114½ at this moment. The lowest level last month was 100½; the high

level in November, 129¾. With the steel industry in its present extraordinarily profitable position, it is hard to understand why Steel common should be thought overvalued at or about 115. We are told, and it is altogether true, that the forthcoming quarterly report of the corporation will be the greatest ever submitted by any industrial concern in American history. Similar remarks can justly be made as regards the stocks of other prominent steel producers, particularly the Midvale and Republic Steel Companies. The value of Bethlehem Steel common fell to 390 the other day, or to a figure denoting a depreciation of \$310 when compared with the absolute high record of 700, set on November 18 last. With respect to this spectacular performance, it should be pointed out that the company is no longer the recipient of highly valuable war orders, and that hopes of a material increase in the dividend rate have apparently been abandoned. If the company continues to pay \$30 a year, a price of 400 would give purchasers a net yield of 7½ per cent, or a rate that would be just about right for a stock of this class. There has been some mighty tall talk in recent months as to the real value of Bethlehem common. One prominent oracle hinted at more than \$1,000. Although Mr. Schwab has wrought wonders with the property since he took hold twelve years ago, it remains to be demonstrated that the common stock should confidently be bought for an advance of \$500 or \$600. A recovery of \$100 or \$200 would, of course, not be surprising if financial conditions in general continue propitious. In indulging in these observations, I leave out of consideration what the stock's inherent value might be three or four years from now, after Mr. Schwab's ambitious projects of extensions, improvements, and new acquisitions in the United States and other countries have been carried out.

The quotations for the principal copper certificates are \$1.50 to \$4 higher than they were a week ago. The sharpest improvement is indicated in the case of Utah Copper, which is valued at 108½, against 90 during the smash of a month ago. Anaconda shows an advance of \$2, after deduction of the quarterly dividend of \$2. The idea prevails that the Allied Governments will place another big order for copper in the very near future, probably shortly after successful flotation of the new British loan. In anticipation of the event, the price of the red metal displays considerable firmness, with near options quoted at 29 and distant options at 31 to 32 cents a pound. The average price for the 440,000,000 pounds bought three months ago by the Entente Powers for the first half of 1917 was 26 cents. In view of the prevalent theory that the war will terminate in the last three months of 1917, it is hardly to be expected that the average for the impending contract will surpass that for the last. If it should, holders of copper shares will be in for some happy hours, no doubt. There was a revival, lately, of the enticing talk concerning a big merger in the copper industry, but it did not seem to draw the crowd to any

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A Daughter of the Gods

With ANNETTE KELLERMANN

noteworthy extent. It is thought possible, though, that the Utah might be absorbed by the Kennecott. There are intimations that holders of Utah are holding out for stiff terms, and that the Wall Street clique representing their interests will force the quotation to 120 in less than a month. On November 18 last, the top-mark was 130.

In the foreign exchange market, lire, rubles, marks and kronen are lower than they were a week ago. For the first-named, the rate is 28.90; this means a new absolute low record. It is partly reflective of growing political troubles in the Russian Empire. Lires are quoted at 7.02—also a new minimum. Reichmarks are quoted at 67¼; the low level of two months ago was 65¾. The quotation for Austrian kronen—10.80—is a new low record, also. Bills on London and Paris are virtually unchanged, being \$4.75¾ and \$5.84½, respectively. According to a London dispatch, the convertive loan of the British Government has a bad effect on the values of high-grade railroad, industrial and municipal securities. The old Consols, drawing 2½ per cent, are down to almost 53. When the rate still was 3 per cent, in 1898 and 1899, they were in good demand at 112 and 113. Things have changed quite a bit since then, not only in Great Britain, but in all the European nations, belligerent and neutral.

In regard to the sharply enlarged inquiry for choice railroad and other interest-drawing securities, we are given to understand by some authorities that it is partly, if not wholly, reflective of an intention to get possessed of investment paper that will stand owners in good stead during the days of crashing values on the Stock Exchange, which, it is stated, surely will be witnessed shortly before or after the close of the war. Respecting this interesting matter, I feel impelled to remark that a violent break in the values of good stocks would have a bad effect on the quoted prices of all first-class bonds. A decline of, say, \$45, in the quotation of Steel common would cause a loss of five or six points, at least, in the values of even the best of railroad bonds. A \$25 break in the price of Union Pacific common could hardly occur without dragging the price of the refunding 4s down to about 89; the ruling quotation is 94½. It may properly be maintained, of course, that owners of bonds could afford to take moderate losses, with a view towards buying superior investment stocks at extremely low quotations, but I doubt if many of them would have the courage

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to take such action in a time of great trouble and frowning uncertainties.

According to the London Bankers' Magazine, the total shrinkage in the aggregate values of three hundred and eighty-seven representative securities listed on the London Stock Exchange for the month ended December 18 last approximated \$200,000,000. For the full year 1916, the total depreciation stands at about \$750,000,000. The full loss since July 31, 1914, is estimated at

\$2,915,000,000. "It is difficult," remarks the authority cited, "to see how there can be any important rally in stock exchange securities, inasmuch as any purchase for capital appreciation must be restricted by the lack of spare capital and the absence of speculative facilities."

Quite so. There are great financial problems to be solved after the restoration of normal times in Europe. The demand for money will be more urgent than it ever has been. Enough said!

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Finance in St. Louis.

Business is pretty good on the local Stock Exchange. Prices are tending upward in numerous cases; they are but slightly affected by recurrent profit-taking sales. The daily totals of business are sufficiently large to give brokers that "chesty" feeling, and to fill them with a rising degree of optimism as to the probable financial results of their activities in 1917. It is evident that the accumulating supplies of surplus riches in St. Louis and surrounding territories are increasingly diverted to the better class of speculative and investment securities. And that is as it should be. National Candy common played an important part in the past week. Its quotation rose from 23.50 to 26. The latter means a new absolute top notch. The aggregate volume of transfers was strikingly heavy; by and by, rising curiosity as to the significance of the "bulge" will no doubt be satisfied with intimations of dividend payments six or twelve months hence. The company is said to be doing a mighty fine trade these days. The second preferred stock, which receives 7 per cent, is up to 90; this indicates an advance of exactly \$15 when contrasted with the low point in 1915. Eventually the price of the second preferred will move up to 100, and that for the first preferred—now 104—to 115. Dividend-paying shares of this class are attractive investment propositions.

The Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co. has reported a net profit of \$1,317,686 for the year ended December 31, 1916. This, after depreciation charges of \$102,121. The surplus on hand at the close of the year was \$1,254,695.92. A very encouraging showing, methinks. The company's stock is valued at about \$150, against \$148 a week ago. Nearly three hundred shares were transferred in the past week. Fifty Union Sand & Material were sold at 87.50, and twenty, at 88. Two hundred and sixty Ely-Walker D. G. common brought 87.50; over two hundred shares were disposed of. The stock should be rated at a higher figure. One hundred and ten International Shoe preferred were taken at 110; fifteen of the common at 104 to 105; thirty-five Central Coal & Coke common at 56; \$4,000 Laclede Gas first 5s at 101.50 to 101.75; \$2,000 Missouri-Edison Electric 5s at 100.75; 500 St. Louis Brewing 6s at 70, and five Chicago Railway Equipment at 106.25. The ruling price for St. Louis Brewing 6s—71—denotes a new minimum.

In the banking department, Commerce still is the forthright feature of interest. The price of this stock is up to 117, the best in a long time. The man who bought one hundred shares at the

low mark of 1915 now is about \$2,500 ahead. Thirty-two shares of Title Guaranty brought 106 to 107; twenty-five Mercantile Trust, 356, and sixty State National, 200. The quotation for Mercantile Trust exhibits an unmistakable upward slant.

United Railways issues continued firm throughout the week. The 4s were bought at 61 to 61.50; the gain for the week was a full point. The preferred was fractionally higher, seventy-five shares selling at 16.25; the total of transfers was in excess of two hundred shares. One hundred and twenty of the common brought 5, implying a gain of 25 cents. Sixteen thousand dollars St. Louis & Suburban general 5s were sold at 72.50 to 73. The latter figure indicates an advance of a half point.

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Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Merchants-Laclede Nat.	288	290
Third Nat. Bank	236	238
Mercantile Trust	358 1/2	360
St. Louis Union Trust	360	362
St. L. & Sub. Gen. 5s	72 7/8	73 1/4
K. C. Home T. 5s (\$500)	94 1/2	95
do 5s (\$100)	95	95 1/2
Louisville Home Tel. 5s	95 1/2	96
Ely & Walker com.	88	90
do 1st pfd	107	108
Nat. Bank of Commerce	116	117
United Railways com.	112	114
do pfd.	16	16 1/4
do 4s	61 3/4	62
International Shoe com	104 1/2	105
Cent. Coal & Coke com	58 1/2	60
American Bakery com.	11	12
Hamilton-Brown	113	115
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.	12	13
do 6s	45 3/4	46
National Candy com	21 1/2	25

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Answers to Inquiries.

LONG, St. Louis.—The new Missouri Pacific general 4s are well worth the attention of investors willing to assume some speculative risk. They will no doubt be quoted at 85 at a not very distant date, say in 1918. The present price of 68 represents an advance of several points when compared with the first curb quotation. The bonds are now listed on the regular exchange, and in steadily growing demand. The rehabilitation of the property will be rapid, owing to the splendid administration of Mr. Bush and the millions of dollars that have been "plowed in" during the past five years.

H. M., Parsons, Kan.—With regard to the dividend on American Tobacco common, it is generally taken for granted that the 20 per cent per year will be maintained. The company is said to be earning something like 26 or 27 per cent on the \$40,242,000 outstanding, after the 6 per cent on the \$52,699,700 preferred. Whether or not the price of the common might return to the high notches of 1914 and 1915—256 and 252 1/2, respectively—is hard to say. It's not altogether unlikely. Would certainly advise holding your stock under prevailing conditions. That there might be another relapse to 188, the low point of last year, in the next twelve months, I consider decidedly improbable.

MARGIN, San Antonio, Tex.—California Petroleum common is thoroughly speculative. The ruling quotation of 27 1/2 seems attractive, especially in view of reports as to promising oil prospects on the Bell Ranch property in Cali-

fornia, considered the most valuable field in that state. The stock's high point last year was 42 1/2, the low point, 24. In 1912, the quotation was as high as 72 1/2. The preferred stock gets 4 per cent a year; it is entitled to 7 per cent. The common is not likely to receive anything in 1917.

INVESTOR, Alton, Ill.—Virginia-Carolina Chemical preferred, quoted at 109, is regarded as an investment stock. The 8 per cent dividend has been paid regularly, every three months, for many years, and it is safely earned, 6 to 7 per cent being available on the \$28,000,000 outstanding common stock. Payments on the latter have lately been resumed at the rate of \$3 per annum. The current price of the preferred does not appear too high, in these circumstances. It is quite probable that it may advance to 116 before the close of this year, in the absence of disastrous developments in general financial markets. The highest price on record is 134 7/8.

V. B. R., Highland, Ill.—International Nickel is a Canadian property. Six dollars per year is paid both on common and preferred. The former, quoted at 42, is not a safe investment. The

big earnings are largely the result of war requirements. The present price of 42 indicates a decline of \$14.75 from the maximum in 1916. In purchasing the stock of companies chartered in belligerent countries, one must not lose sight of the high rates of taxation, and the probability of still higher rates before the return of peace. There is \$1,834,600 common outstanding.

IN DOUBT, Minneapolis, Minn.—Considered in the light of prevailing indications, the Republic Iron & Steel Co. should not find it inadvisable to pay quarterly dividends of \$1.50 on the common throughout 1917. The common dividend surplus is very materially in excess of the dividend requirements. Even 8 per cent would not be at all excessive. The ruling price of 80, denoting a net return of 7 1/2 per cent, reflects the common opinion that the 6 per cent dividend will be effective for at least a year. Given favorable conditions in the general market, an advance to 90 or 95 would not be surprising. The high notch in 1916 was 93.

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When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Thrift Essays



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Convertible upon notice of the holder, at any time before maturity, or (if called for earlier redemption) at any time until and including the date of such redemption into Twenty-Year 5½% Bonds of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, payable February 1, 1937, and not subject to prior redemption.

Principal and interest of the notes, and of the bonds into which they may be converted, is to be payable, without deduction for British taxes, present or future, in New York in United States gold coin, or, at the option of the holder, in London in sterling at the fixed rate of \$4.86½ to the pound.

Coupon Notes in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000

Redeemable at the option of the Government, in whole or in part, on thirty (30) days' notice, as follows:

	One-Year Notes	Two-Year Notes
From February 1, 1917, to January 31, 1918.....	101 and interest	102 and interest
From February 1, 1918, to January 31, 1919.....	101 and interest	101 and interest

The notes are to be secured by pledge with Bankers Trust Company, New York, under a pledge agreement executed by the Government, of securities approved by J. P. Morgan & Co., of an aggregate value of not less than \$300,000,000, calculated on the basis of the then prevailing markets, sterling securities being valued in dollars at the prevailing rate of exchange, viz.:

- Group I.** Stocks, bonds and/or other securities of American municipalities and corporations and of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and bonds and/or other obligations (either as maker or guarantor) of the Government of the Dominion of Canada, the Colony of Newfoundland, and/or provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and/or approved Canadian municipalities:
Aggregate value not less than \$150,000,000
(Of the foregoing there will be somewhat over \$100,000,000 in value in the securities of municipalities and corporations of the United States and of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.)
- Group II.** Bonds and/or other obligations (either as maker or guarantor) of any or all of the several following Governments, to-wit: Argentina, Chile, Cuba, Commonwealth of Australia, Egypt, Japan, New Zealand, and Union of South Africa and/or bonds and/or other obligations of approved Railways in Argentina and/or of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, and/or approximately \$25,000,000 value in bonds and/or other obligations of dividend paying British railway companies:
Aggregate value not less than..... \$150,000,000

Total, \$300,000,000

Pending the arrival and deposit of definitive securities as above, the Government is to deposit temporarily with the Trust Company either approved New York Stock Exchange collateral or cash.

If the pledged securities depreciate in value, the Government is to deposit additional securities to maintain the 20% margin.

The Government is to reserve the right from time to time to sell for cash any of the pledged securities, the proceeds of sale to be applied to the retirement of notes by purchase or by redemption by lot.

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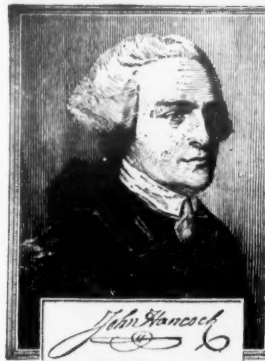
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tion. He was one of the richest men
in the colonies, holding investments
in banks, breweries, stores, hotels,
and also owning a fleet of vessels.
The seizure of one of these precipi-
tated the Boston massacre. In Revolu-
tionary days and until his death he
was a popular idol. When it was
proposed to bombard Boston, though
it would have resulted in greater
personal loss to him than to any
other property owner, he begged
that no regard be paid to him be-
cause of his financial interests. While
Hancock did not sign the Constitu-
tion of the United States, he used
his great influence in its behalf, which
awakened the gratitude of Washing-
ton. "He was prepossessing in man-
ner, and passionately fond of the ele-
gant pleasures of life, of dancing,
music, concerts, routs, assemblies,

card parties, rich wines, social dinners
and festivities." Until the end of his
life the people of Massachusetts loved
to honor him. In the stirring events
preceding the Revolution he was
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of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless
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